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PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

SUITABLE
FOR
Private Theatricals



NEW YORK

DICK & FITZGERALD,
PUBLISHERS.



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PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE,

With Songs and Choruses,

SUITABLE FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

J. BARMBY, B.D.,

LATE FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

THE MUSIC ADAPTED, ARRANGED, AND PARTLY COMPOSED BY

T. ROGERS, M.A.,

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, PRECENTER OF DURHAM.

NEW YORK:

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THE WINE ALMANAC.

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P R E F A C E .

—: o :—

THESE little Plays were written, with no view to publication, for the entertainment of the writer's own children and their friends at Christmas. Their success in a limited sphere of publicity has suggested the thought that they may possibly, in some degree, meet a general need.

Juvenile Theatricals are now in vogue; but one often hears the question asked, "Where can we get plays for the purpose, neither stupidly moral, nor in other respects unsuitable for youngsters?"

At any rate, these have not the peculiar dulness incident to a distinct moral purpose in each, though it is hoped that they are such as even Mrs. Grundy will not object to.

They are now published in the order in which they were written and acted, and thus show signs of the advancing age of the actors originally concerned.

All, except the fourth and the last, are representations of well-known fairy tales, of which all of us have at some time felt the charm. With respect to the fourth, founded on the Poet Laureate's "Princess," the writer desires to make all due apologies for having turned to comparatively vile use

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the ideas of so charming a poem, and here and there, though seldom, introduced its language.

The musical editor desires also to express becoming penitence, if he has occasionally made disrespectful use of the works of great composers.

The editors have to thank the Rev. John Swire, Minor Canon of Windsor, for the music of two songs in "The Princess," marked with his initials, which he has kindly permitted them to publish.

With regard to the music generally, it is to be observed that a great part of it is not essential for the performance of the plays, and may be omitted by actors who are not musical.

NOTE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

The Plays in this volume, as originally published, were so arranged that it was necessary to lower the curtain at end of each scene, in order to set the stage for the next scene. To obviate this, a very objectionable feature, they have been altered and rearranged, and, in a few instances, new scenes added, so that the curtain is required to be lowered at the end of the act only.

A description of the costumes, a list of the properties, and all of the stage business has also been added.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

—: 0 :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A MERCHANT.

CHIMPANZO, (*A Prince Transformed into a Beast.*)
GOBLIN PAGE, (*Attendant on the Beast.*)

MERCHANTABILITY.

MERCHANT'S SECOND DAUGHTER.

BEAUTY, (*Merchant's Third Daughter—The Dredge.*)
THE FAIRY AUNT OF CHIMPANZO.
LITTLE FAIRY, (*Attendant on BEAUTY.*)

COSTUMES.

Merchant.—Brown square-cut coat, long satin vest, breeches, top boots, brown George wig, cravat, riding-cloak, hat, &c. Second dress: Handsome gold laced suit, court wig.

Prince Chimpanzo.—A Prince transformed into a Beast. A bear's dress and head—very much deformed. The Beast's dress much be a strip one, covering a very handsome satin suit.

Goblin Page.—Scarlet tights, scarlet dress with scollop'd wings (whaleboned) to open from the wrists to the ankles, red and green foil on a red face, red cap and red feather.

Eldest Daughter.—Dress of the period, powdered hair, a wrinkled make-up, with black patches on chin and cheek. Second dress: Gold brocade, and velvet underskirt, a huge bustle, purple bonnet with lace and flowers on it.

Second Daughter.—Dress of the period, not so glaring as the first daughter's. Second dress: Gaudy figured satin, crimson satin bonnet, golden sunflowers round the edge; high ostrich feather plumes in same.

Beauty.—Plain and poor dress, short skirt, slippers. Second dress: Neat and pretty cotton. Third dress: Rich satin elegantly trimmed; court wig.

Fairy Aunt.—Fairy dress, laced and spangled; satin slippers, silk tights, handsome diamond star ornament on forehead. Wand.

Little Fairy.—Fairy dress, complete.

PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Fireplace set T.E.R. Looking-glass on the mantel. Easy chair before the fire. Window curtains. Mirrors hanging on the walls. Sofa, L. Large round table with cover and books on it. Book for the SECOND DAUGHTER. Feather duster for BEAUTY.

SCENE II.—Fairy wand. Riding-whip for MERCHANT. One rosebud to pluck from bush on L.C.

SCENE III.—Furniture same as Scene I. Needlework for BEAUTY.

SCENE IV.—Nil.

SCENE V.—Table with scarlet and gold cover. Dessert on it. Fruits, flowers, &c. Gold and silver tankards and goblets. Decanters of wine, glasses, &c. A huge golden key. Rose for the BEAST. Fairy wand.

SCENE VI.—Rose.

SCENE VII.—Nil.

SCENES.

SCENE I.—A Centre Door Chamber at back. Interior backing. Fireplace set T.E.R. Window, T.E.L.

SCENE II.—A Front Garden, rich with gold and silver fruits, &c. A rose bush with one rose bud on it, L.

SCENE III.—Same as Scene I.

SCENE IV.—Front Chamber.

SCENE V.—The Beast's Garden at back.

SCENE VI.—Front Chamber.

SCENE VII.—Same as Scene V.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Overture,....."Zampa,".....Herold.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Merchant's House. Centre doors. Large round table, c., with cover and books, &c., on it. Fireplace, T.E.E. Easy chair before the fire. Window, T.E.L. Sofa, L. Chairs, ottomans, &c.*

The three daughters discovered, BEAUTY at work with a feather duster, THE ELDEST reclining on a sofa, stretching and yawning; THE SECOND reading a book in an easy chair by the fire.

Enter MERCHANT, reading a letter, c. door.

Merchant. (a.) Daughters, attend! (They come down.) I've got good news to tell.

How poorly we have lived you know full well,
Since all my ships were lost—at least, I thought so!
But now this letter tells me it was not so:

(They express pleasure and listen.

One worth its weight in gold has just come in,
And I must go at once to bag the tin:

(The ELDEST DAUGHTER exclaims "Ah!"

'Tis in a distant port, and I must range
Deserts and hills in countries wild and strange;
But if I come back safe—

*(The two ELDER DAUGHTERS burst into tears.
Don't cry—'tis folly—*

I'll bring you each a present.

*Two Elder Daughters. (Clapping their hands.) Oh! how jolly!
(BEAUTY at back.*

Merc. And, since you've all been rather good to-day,
I'll bring you each whate'er you choose to say.
Speak first, my eldest child, what had you rather
Have as a present from your loving father?

First Daughter. (R.C.) Oh, dear papa, I want such lots of things—
Gloves, bracelets, earrings, handkerchiefs, and rings—
What shall I choose?—I have a perfect passion
To be distinguished among folks of fashion;—
A dress of gold brocade, with velvet lined,
And bustled out tremendously behind.

Merc. Well, well—I know 'tis vain with you to tussle;
You won't be quiet till you're in a bustle.
And now, my second child, your wish declare.

Second Daughter. (L.C.) Delightful parent, what a brick you are!
One thing I want—I've set my heart upon it—
A very striking crimson satin bonnet:
All round the edge let golden sunflowers glare,
And ostrich plumes wave grandly in the air:

Merc. Well, you shall have the finest gold can buy;
Though really, child, I think you'll look a guy.
Now, Beauty, speak. Why look you so demure?

First D. She'll ask for something silly, I am sure.

Merc. Let the girl speak. (Crosses to L.C.) You hear what I propose.

Beauty. (Comes down, L.) Papa, I ask but for a simple rose—
A rose fresh gathered in some distant land,
And doubly sweet if from my father's hand.

First D. Well, if I ever!

Second D. No, I never!

First D. Stuff!

I always said that Beauty was a muff.

Second D. A perfect idiot!

Merc. Silence, girls! Dear pet. (Goes up, a. Good-bye! Your modest wish I won't forget. Tu-ta! I'm off—stay, where's my Inverness? (Exit a.

Second D. (Calling after him.) Pa, don't forget my bonnet.

First D. And my dress.

Oh, what an agitation I am in!

It's such a nuisance to be short of tin;

But now, if only pa brings back this gold—

Second D. I've not a single dress but what is old.

First D. I'm hardly able to go out at all,

For all the parish knows my faded shawl.

Second D. Our dresses! Beauty's had to turn and turn 'em, And stitch and darn them—

First D. Soon, I hope, we'll burn 'em.

Second D. But now such bonnets as we'll have—such loves!

First D. And every day a pair of new French gloves!

Our jewels shall set everybody talking.

(Sharply.) Beauty, are all my things laid out for walking?

Beauty. (s. m. e.) Yes, all arranged in order on your bed.

Second D. (l. c.) And have you trimmed my tarlatan with red?

First D. (r. c.) And cleaned my boots, and turned my purple bonnet,

And re-arranged the flowers and lace upon it,
Physicked my lap-dog, put my drawers in order,
Sewn on my handkerchief a new lace border,
Scented my note-paper for *billes doux*,
And put blue roses in my satin shoes?

Second D. And been to Madame Mantalini's shop
For my new wreath for Mrs. Thompson's hop,
And mended all our gloves, for which we chid you?

First D. In fact, have you done everything we bid you?

Beauty. Oh, sisters, really you distract me so!
I can't be everywhere at once, you know,

First D. You can't!—you little idle useless minx!
I'll have a French maid when we get the chinks.
We're going now to see the troops parade;
When we return, see you that tea is made.

(*Exit* a.)

SONG.—BEAUTY.

Oh, can they be sisters,
They're far more like blisters,
Upon my skin daily to irritate me;
Oh, why is my father
So weak that he'd rather
Enjoy his tobacco than stick up for me?

I know I'm his favorite,
Because I behave aright,
And but for those two vipers all would be well;
But oh! how they flurry me!
Scold me, and hurry me,
And father himself has not pluck to rebel.

And now he's departed,
And I, broken-hearted,
Must slave like a Turk, with a buzz in my head.
Poor me how they'll pnsch about,
Making me rush about!
Bother! I wish—I were married or dead!

(*Exit* a.)

SCENE II.—*Front Garden of the Beast's Palace. Gold and silver fruit and trees. Silvered water.*

Enter FAIRY AUNT, carrying a wand, R.

Fairy Aunt. Children of earth, behold in me
A fairy of a high degree ;
Aunt to the mighty Prince Chimpanzo—
At least, they used to call the man so,
Before I metamorphosed him
Into a beast, deformed and grim ;
To change him so, one day it pleased me ;
No matter why—because he teased me.
This is the garden, fairy-haunted,
In which my nephew lives enchanted ;
And thus, and thus, I trip around it,
To fix the spells with which I've bound it.

(Trips round a circle, waving her wand.)
I have a scheme in hand to-day ;
A mortal wight I've lured this way—
A merchant, who—but, ha ! he's there !
I must vanish into air.

(She disappears L.)

Enter MERCHANT, R.

Merc. Where can I have got to ? *(Looks round.)* I'm perfectly puzzled :
It must be enchantment—my brain is all fuzzled.
Let me think what has happened. 'Twas but yesterday,
In crossing a forest I quite lost my way ;
So I threw the reins down on the neck of my horse,
And told the old beast he might take his own course ;
So he pricked up his ears, and he mended his paces,
Till he came to a palace—the grandest of places.
I knocked at the door, and wide open it flew :
I entered ; I called : not a soul was in view ;
But on a gold table (and here was no cheating)
A capital dinner lay ready for eating,
So I ate and I drank, like a jolly old Don,
By beings invisible waited upon.
And now I'm come out these fine gardens to view :
How lovely ! I'm dreaming ! It cannot be true !
What fruit-trees ! what flowers ! what meandering water !
Let me think—ah ! that promise I made to my daughter,
"I'll be my first pleasure, as well as my duty,
To find a nice rose as a present for Beauty,
But 'mid all the fine things that these gardens enclose

I find every flower upon earth but a rose.
 There must be one somewhere—ah! there, after all,
 There's a sweet little bud on a bush by the wall.
 I'll pluck it—I dare not—I will—no, I won't—

(BEAST rises suddenly from under the bush, *l.c.*)

Beast. Thief! villain! you're stealing; I'll kill you.

Merc. (B.) No, don't!

DUETT AND RECITATIVE,

Beast. Him as prigs what isn't his'n,
 When he's cotched, will go to prison.

Merc. (*Beseechingly.*)—

Oh, my lord, in pity spare!
 Killing me would be a shame.

Beast. Sir, my lord me, if you dare!
 Call me Beast, for that's my name.

Merc. (*Insinuatingly.*)—

Beast, good Beast, then, if you like, sir;
 Any name's the same to me.

Beast. Silence! I'm about to strike, sir.

Merc. Sure, you won't, sir.

Beast. You shall see!

(BEAST roars horribly; seizes the MERCHANT, as if about to kill him; then casts him off, and after walking about the garden, returns to him.)

RECITATIVE.

Beast. Well, on only one condition
 I will grant you your petition.
 If you would escape from slaughter,
 You must send me your third daughter.

Merc. What! my daughter Beauty?

Beast. Yes, sir!

Merc. Oh, you cause me great distress, sir.

(BEAST a second time roars horribly.)

Beast. Now, Merchant, I give you three months and a day,
 So pack up your traps—take the rose—get away.

(MERCHANT plucks the rose.)

If Beauty comes here in the specified time,
 On the word of a Beast, I have pardoned your crime.
 If not, your life's forfeit, though now you're released;
 I'm not to be trifled with, though I'm a Beast.

(BEAST waves MERCHANT away with his paw—MERCHANT exits quickly.)

Beast. (*Dancing and singing.*)—

Hey diddle, hey diddle, hey diddle-dee!

Beauty's the maid to be married to me! (Dances off *a.*)

SCENE III.—Same as Scene I.

MERCHANT discovered at a table with his head on his hand; BEAUTY working on a stool beside him. FIRST DAUGHTER lounges in an armchair, R. SECOND DAUGHTER surveys herself affectedly in a mirror, L.

Beauty. (L.C.) Dear father, why so sad? That clouded brow Speaks of a mind diseased.

Merc. (c.) Naught ails me, daughter. (Sighs.)

Beauty. What means that frequent sigh—that eye still fixed On vacancy—this fitful feverish pulse— That voice, so cheerful once, now never raised To call your playful Beauty by her name?

(MERCHANT moves, BEAUTY comforts him aside.)

First D. (To SECOND DAUGHTER.) Goose! do have done with those absurd grimaces;

What pleasure can there be in making faces?

Second D. Faces! You'd give your ears to look like me.

First D. Would I? Shut up! I'm dying of ennui; With ye there, too, in such a sloping fit; He's changed so I can't manage him a bit: No balls—no parties—life a perfect blank!

Second D. It's all that *Beauty* we have got thank, What can possess him to indulge her so?

First D. It's quite intolerable. I'll tease her, though.

(Comes down R.C.)

Why, *Beauty*, what a dowdy you are drest!

Beauty. My father likes this simple costume best, But tell me, father, tell me why so sad; Or I will sigh away my heart, and die, Slain by your sorrow, which I may not share.

Merc. *Beauty*, you have prevailed: I cannot hide Longer the secret grief that gnaws my heart. Now, daughters, listen. When I brought that rose For you, my *Beauty*, little did you guess The price it cost: 'twas given me by a Beast, A huge and shaggy monster, who resides In halls enchanted; and who made me promise To send you to him ere three months were past.

Beauty. What if I go not?

Merc. Then must I return, And pay my life the forfeit of my vow.

Beauty. (Jumps up.) Father, I'll go.

Merc. (Rising hastily.) You sha'n't!

Beauty.

Yes, yes!

Merc. (Seizes her by the wrist.)

No, no!

Second D. (L.) Papa, dear, we can spare her ; let her go.

First D. She's not presentable to folks of fashion,

In fact, she daily puts me in a passion.

Second D. Look at her ! Not a jewel has she got on.

First D. And fancy wearing a mere printed cotton !

Do let her go : keep her ne more about you.

But you, dear pa, how could we do without you ?

You've promised me—I stake my life upon it—

A diamond brooch.

Second D. And me a new lace bonnet.

Beauty. Father, I'll go.

Merc. Then be it as you say.

Take my old horse, and let him have his way ;

He knows the road ; he's safer than a coach. (Goes up, a.

Second D. (Aside.) Then I shall get my bonnet.

First D. (Aside.) I my brooch.

(To music—*MERCHANT* embraces *BEAUTY* and *exit*, a.

Quick, *Beauty*, do make haste. Stay, here's your hat :

Look decent, if you can. I'm glad—that's flat—

She's going, the dowdy. Now pack, *Beauty*, pack !

(They push her out—*FIRST DAUGHTER* calls after her.

Give my love to the Beast, and good luck on your track ;

And I don't care a straw if she never comes back. (Dances off a.

Second D. Nor I, the little niuncompoopy gaby !

Why, papa pets her like a perfect baby ;

The way she's coaxed him lately is quite shocking—

She !—fit for nothing but to daru a stocking !

(Exits a.

SCENE IV.—Front Chamber.

Enter FIRST and SECOND DAUGHTERS from R.

First D. Well, we've got rid of her at last ; that's lucky :

We sha'n't be hampered now with pa's dear ducky.

Leuceforth we'll do just what we like with father ;

We'll make him fork out handsome, won't we rather ?

Second D. We'll have a party every other day.

First D. A new coach shall replace the one-horse shay.

Second D. How I will dance with that dear Captain Spangle !

First D. Captain, indeed !—I'll dance with Lord Fandangle.

Second D. Oh, yes ! we know you think to be My Lady ;

But, dear, isn't your chance a leelle shady?
 Would your style do in such a grand connection?
 And, love—you know you're losing your complexion;
 Though p'raps a little extra rouge might do it.

First D. Junior, shut up! or I declare you'll rue it.
 I scorn your low wit—Mrs. Captain Spangle!

Second D. I wish you luck, Lady—would-be—Fandangle!

(They sing a duett and exit *slowly*.)

SCENE V.—The BEAST's Garden Table spread, &c.

BEAST and BEAUTY, richly dressed, discovered at dessert. Behind BEAST the GOBLIN PAGE; behind BEAUTY the little FAIRY.

Beauty. (R.C.) These delicate attentions, Mr. Beast,
 Quite overpower me: 'tis a royal feast.

Beast. (L.C.) 'Tis you confer the favor, gentle Beauty.
 Do try this '20 port: though old, 'tis fruity.

Beauty. Delicious, sir! (Aside.) He's charmingly polite;
 I almost like him, though he's such a fright.

Beast. Boy, hand the lady grapes. Or try this pine.

Beauty. Your garden produce is supremely fine.

Beast. The fruit feels prond to touch your lips; I know it.

Beauty. (Aside.) Upon my word, the Beast is quite a poet!

Beast. Ho! Goblin Page, more claret from the cellar;
 Bin number six. (Gives a huge key to the Page.) He's such a useful fellow.

Beauty. He seems a treasure.

Beast. Just the boy I want;
 A birthday present from my fairy aunt.

(PAGE, as he goes, steals fruit from the table, and grimaces behind BEAST's back.)

Page. (Aside to little FAIRY.) Wouldn't old Beast be waxy, if he knew it!

Little F. Oh, what a naughty boy you were to do it!

(Exit Page, and returns with wine, which he places on the table.)

Beast. Permit me, Beauty, just to pop once more
 The question I have popped three times before,
 Though every time you have refused me flat.

Beauty. Oh, Beastie, Beastie, anything but that!

Beast. The subject pains you: I will not renew it.

Beauty. Oh, Beast, good Beast! I really could not do it!

Beast. I'll say no more. Nay, do not look so sad :
Let's have some music. Tip us a stave, my lad.

(*Goblin Page* sings a song, and dances with little *Fairy*, ad lib.
Music; one verse of "Come Lasses and Lads" from "The
Songs of England." *Exeunt Goblin Page and little Fairy.*

Beast. Ha ! Music does her good ; it chases care.
We'll have some more. Sing, minstrels of the air !

CHORUS OF FAIRIES AND BEAUTY.

Chorus. Fairest of mortals, list to our lay ;
Chase from thy bosom sadness away ;
Fortune her brightest smile weareth to-day.
Queen of this fairy land fear not to be,
Scorn not the loving heart waiting for thee.

Beauty. Those dulcet strains
Allay my pains ;
But ah ! it may not be.

Chorus. — Fairest of mortals, &c.

(*During the music, Beast beats time with his paw.* At its close,
BEAUTY bursts into tears.

Beast. Hallo ! still sorrowful ! Why, what's the matter ? (*Rises.*

Beauty. Beast, I will tell you. (*They come down.*) Truly, I
don't flatter,

When I declare you have done all you can
To please me : you're a perfect gentleman.
But, looking in your magic glass to-day,
I saw my father languishing away :
He seemed at point of death. Oh ! Beastie, oh !
I must go visit him—do let me go !

Beast. Ha ! but you won't return—and I shall die.

Beauty. I will return : the promise of a lady
Is sacred.

Beast. Well, then, take this rose : it grew
On an enchanted tree. When red and fresh,
'Twill prove that I am well ; but if it fade
And wither, know that Death's cold hand is on me.
But place it in your bosom ; breathe the wish
To be at home, or here, or anywhere ;
The deed will overtake the wish you breathe.

Beauty. Thanks, Beast ; I will return.

How soon ?

A month

Shall bring me to your side.

Beast. So let it be.

(*Exit BEAUTY, B., BEAST handing her out with great politeness.*

Oh, dear ! I'm horribly in love !
 Beauty, you little darling dove !
 A month, a long, long mouth, must pass,
 Before I see the dainty lass.
 How shall I kill the time at all ?
 I'll roll along the ground and bawl. (Rolls and howls.)
 (Rising.) No, this won't do. I am a Beast in feature ;
 But still I'll be a reasonable creature.
 I'll sing a song—some fellow says that music
 Is food of love—unless to sing I'm too sick.

SONG.—BEAST.

Music to "Woman."

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Or my cheeks make pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May ;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love ?
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own ?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 Which may gain the name of "best,"
 If she seem not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair ;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve ,
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 For, if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

No, it won't do. Wed Beauty ? Fiddledidee !
 She'll never care for such a Beast as me !
 It's all your fault, you nasty horrid aunt !
 How could you bear poor me so to enchant ?
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

Enter FAIRY AUNT, R.

Fairy A. Nephew, what now? Are all these howls from you?
Why are you making such a hullabaloo?

Beast. Because I'm spoony; and I'm desperate quite,
You've gone and made me such a beastly fright. *(Roars.)*

Fairy A. Such a coil I never heard, sir:

Your behavior's quite absurd, sir,

I will show you no compassion,

While you are in such a passion.

Do not shake your ugly head;

Go this minute, sir, to bed,

Like a good obedient pupil:

Take a black draught, and a blue pill.

Sleep your rage off, if you can, sir:

Off at once—and do not answer.

Now, like lightning through the sky,

Back to fairyland I fly.

(Exit BEAST, R.H.L.)

(Exit R.)

SCENE VI.—*Front Chamber.*

Enter FIRST and SECOND DAUGHTERS from R., BEAUTY following.

First D. (L.) Oh, Beauty, I can't credit what you say:
What! a new pair for dinner every day?

Beauty. (R.) Yea, best French kid—cost five bob every pair;
And a fresh wreath of jewels for my hair,
With bracelets, rings, and necklaces to suit.

Second D. (C.) And every day the same delicious fruit?

Beauty. Yea—pears, grapes, nectarines, peaches, pines—'tis true.

First D. And had you maids to wait upon you, too?

Beauty. (Grosses to C.) One little sprite; but lots of unseen fays
Dress'd me from head to foot, and laced my stays;
Fanned me when hot, and brought me shawls when cold;
With more delightful things than can be told.

Second D. (R.) And naught to do all day but dress and eat!

Good gracious, girl, it must have been a treat!

But what a fool you were to leave, you monkey!

First D. (Aside.) Just like her—she was always such a donkey.

(Aloud.) Beauty, I hate you! Can't I go there too?

Oh, what an ass that Beast was to choose you!

Second D. I'm bored to death: I'll go and take the air.

Come with me, little beast, and do my hair.

(Pulls BEAUTY to her, R.)

First D. (Pulls BEAUTY to her, L.) She sha'n't : she's my slave! in this house I'm chief. (Throws down her handkerchief.) Quick ! pick me up my pocket-handkerchief. (BEAUTY does so.) Fasten my bracelet—what a snail you are ! You hurt my wrist on purpose, I declare.

(She shakes BEAUTY, who cries.)

Cry, baby, cry ! But, (coaxingly) dearest, did you say That, if you placed that rose a certain way, And wished, you would be there as quick as winking ?

Beauty. I did.

First D. How curious ! Darling, I've been thinking How pretty it would look among your hair : Just see how nicely I'll arrange it there. (Tries to take the rose.)

Beauty. No, sister, no ! I must not part with it.

First D. Why, I don't want it, you suspicious chit : Come, come.

Beauty. For worlds this rose I won't resign.

First D. Just let me smell it then—hurrah ! it's mine ! (Snatches it, and runs out laughing, L.)

Second D. Oh, yes, that's very fine ; the selfish elf ! But she sha'dt keep it wholly to herself ; (Runs out after her.)

Beauty. Oh dear ! what shall I do ? The Beast will die ! This the last day too ! I've a good mind to cry.

Re-enter FIRST DAUGHTER, L., with her dress dirty and disordered, followed by SECOND DAUGHTER.

First D. (a.) Oh, Beauty, Beauty ! nasty horrid thing ! Is this the luck your vile rose was to bring ?

Second D. (L.) Ho ! ho ! how clean we are !

Beauty. (R.) But how came this ?

First D. I put the rose into my bosom, miss, And wished myself in that vile monster's chateau ; And where—yes, where—yes, where d'you think I got to ?

Beauty. Where ?

First D. To the piggly, miss—I can't tell how.

Second D. And served you right.

First D. I'll scratch you both, I vow.

Beauty. On which side did you put the rose ?

First D. The right.

Beauty. It should have been the left.

First D. 'Twas all your spite, Not to say that before. Bah ! what a mess I'm in ! (Grosses to L.)

Beauty. But where's the rose ?

First D. Oh, (cries) my nice new dress !

The rose?—lost—the pigs ate it in the sty.

(Exits L., crying—SECOND DAUGHTER follows her, laughing.

Beauty. Oh! (crosses to R.) I can't keep my promise—and he'll die!

(Exits, weeping, R.)

SCENE VII.—The BEAST's Garden. As before.

Enter BEAST, a.m. L., followed by GOBLIN PAGE.

Beast. A month has passed—a month and three long days;
Yet Beauty comes not. Oh, perfidious Beauty! I thought you were a lady, and would keep Your promise: promises are pie-crust, all, Made to be broken. Vainly you, sweet flowers, Woo me: you'll break my heart, ye little birds. I can hold out no longer. Leave me, boy.

Page. Master, I'm sorry you're so bad.

Beast. You'll have no master soon, my lad.

Page. (Going.) Why he's so bad to me's a puzzle, With such a lot of stuff to guzzle.

Beast. Life ebbs apace: beneath this weeping willow I'll lay me down, sigh "Beauty!" and so die.

(Exit L.)

(He lies down R., groaning heavily.)

Enter BEAUTY, from the back, u.e. L.

Beauty. At last I'm here. Oh! what a joy un hoped for, To find the rose at length beneath the straw! But where is he? Through all the house I've sought him, And found him not: this withered rose forbodes The worst event. Kind host!—most gentle Beast! I fear I am too late, and thou hast died.

(She searches the garden, and at last discovers him.)

He's dead! he's dead! Oh, most distracting sight!

Beast. Yes, nearly dead, my Beauty, but not quite.

Beauty. How can I save you?

Beast. There's one only way.

And yet I dare not mention it.

Beauty. You may.

Beast. Say you will marry me.

Beauty. Alack-a-day!

Beast. I'm very good you know, though not quite pretty.

Beauty. Indeed you're not, and the more's the pity.
That you're a Beast, you see, you can't deny.
How could we go into society?

Beast. Then say you do not hate me, and I'll die.

Beauty. No, die you shall not. Really I must try.
Beauty is but skin-deep, and those great catches,
Though handsome, are not always the best matches.

Beast, I will marry you. (BEAST rises as a Prince.)

Prince. Fair bride, that word
Dissolves the spell that has so long enthralled me ;
Such was my Fairy Aunt's severe decree,
That I should live a Beast till some kind maiden,
Fair as the day, would take me as I was.
But here she comes herself, and brings your people.
Welcome, good aunt, on this most lucky day !

Enter FAIRY AUNT, LITTLE FAIRY, GOBLIN PAGE, MERCHANT, and two DAUGHTERS, from U.E.L.

Fairy A. Nephew, take the hand of Beauty :
She is just the girl to suit ye.
Spells no more your life annoy !
Beauty, dear, I wish you joy !
Still be fairer than Titania,
Princess now of Chimpanganzia !
But for you, you spiteful sisters,
Who deserve both boils and blisters,
For your vices to atone
I will turn you into stone
Till your wicked hearts are mended.
Gentles all, our play is ended.

Moral Epilogue, spoken by the Fairy Aunt.

Now, all good people, hear, I pray,
The moral of our little play.
First, all you young ladies whom I am addressing,
Don't give your attention entirely to dressing :
Add put all young gentlemen in your good books
Because of their manners, and not of their looks.
You likewise, ye fathers, to your daughters be kind,
And give them the presents for which they've a mind :
And, should one have a lover, don't growl in the least :
He may turn out a Prince, though you think him a Beast. (Music.)

Now, ye minstrels of the air,
All your sweetest notes prepare ;
And let mortal voices blending,
Celebrate this happy ending.

(Waves her wand.)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Beauty, be happy, thy trials are past,
 Sweetness and tenderness triumph at last.
 Behold how the Prince is set free
 From ev'ry enchantress but thee ;
 Thine, thine the fairy charms that hold him fast,
 Thine, thine, yes thine.

Still in these bowers of delight
 Fairies shall dance on the green ;
 Beautiful always and bright
 Where Beauty—Beauty is queen.
 Still in these bowers of delight
 Fairies shall dance on the green ;
 Beautiful always and bright
 Where Beauty herself is the queen.

Disposition of Characters.

LITTLE F. BEAST. BEAUTY. FAIRY A. MERCHANT. Two D. PAGE
 R.C. C. L.C. 4

CURTAIN.

SONG.—“O, can they be Sisters?”
Allegro. $\text{♩} = 168.$

T. R.

Oh, can they be sis - ters? They're far more like blis - ters, Up -

on my skin dai - ly to ir - ri - tate me: And why is my

fa - ther So weak that he'd rather En - joy his to - bac - co than

stick up for me? I know I'm his fa - vor - ite, Because I be -

have a - right, And but for these two vi - pers all would be
risoluto.

well; But oh! how they flur - ry me! Scold me and

hur - ry me, And fa - ther himself has not pluck to re - bel.

slower. *espressivo.*

And now he's de - part-ed, And I, bro - ken-heart - ed, Must

slave like a Turk, with a buzz in my head. Poor
 me! how they'll push a - bout, Mak - ing me rush a - bout!

Both-er! I wish— Both-er! I wish—

Oh, how I wish I were mar-ried or dead.

SONG & RECOIT.—“Him as prigs what isn’t his’n.” T. R.

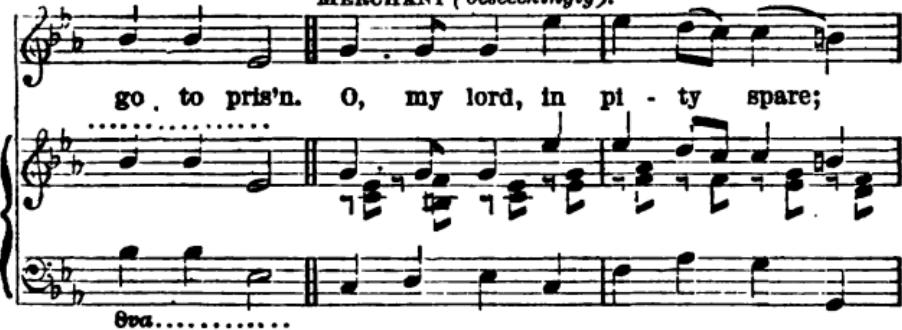
BEAST.

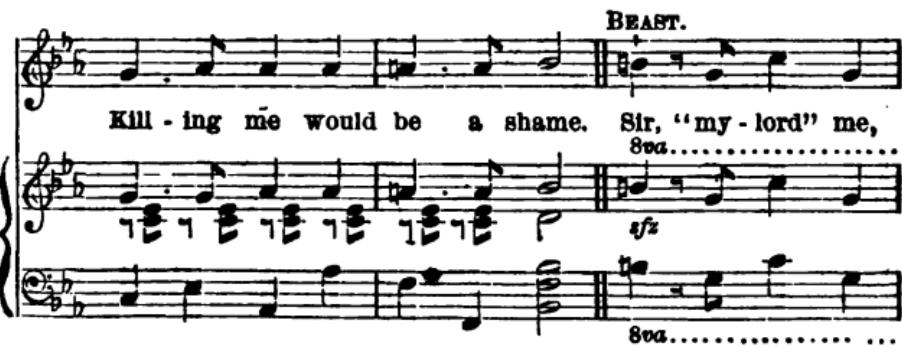
♩ = 100.

 Him as prigs what isn’t his’n, When he’s cotched will
 8va.....


 8va.....

MERCHANT (beseechingly).


 go to pris’n. O, my lord, in pi - ty spare;
 8va.....


 BEAST.
 Kill - ing me would be a shame. Sir, “my - lord” me,
 8va.....


 if you dare! Call me ‘Beast’ for that’s my name.
 8va.....

MERCHANT, (*insinuatingly.*)

Beast, good beast, then, if you like, sir;

rall.

BEAST.

An - y name's the same to me. *f* Silence! I'm a-bout to strike, sir.

8va.....

MERCH. *pp*BEAST. *ff*

Sure, you wont, sir! You shall see!

8va.....tremolo.

BEAST.

8va.....*loco.*

Well,

ad lib.

on on - ly one con - di - tion, I shall grant you your pe - ti - tion,

If you would escape from slaughter, You must bring me your third

daughter. MERC. What!! my daughter Beau - ty! Yes, sir!

MERC. dolente.

ad lib.

Oh! you cause me great dis - tress, sir!

colla voce.

SONG.—“Hey diddle, hey didle.”

BEAST.

Hey did - dle, hey did - dle, hey did - dle dee....

Beau - ty's the maid to be mar - ried to me!

Hey did - dle, hey did - dle, hey did - dle-dee! Beau - ty's the maid,

Beau - ty's the maid, Beau - ty's the maid to be mar - ried to me.

{BEAST dances off.}

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

*Adapted from Spohr's "Azor and Zemira."**Larghetto. pp*

SOPRANO. Fair - est of mor - - tals, List to our

CONTR. TO. lay,

PTANO.

mf

Chase from thy bo - som sad - ness a -

way,

mf

For - tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -

day,

dim.

For - tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -

day.

mf

Queen of this fai - ry land, fear not to

p

be ; Scorn not the

lov - ing heart, wait - ing for

BEAUTY.

thee ; Those dulcet strains al-lay my

pains, But ah! it may not

mf CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

be! Fair-est of mor- - - tals,

List to our lay,

Chase from thy bo - - som

sad - ness a - way;

For - tune her bright-est smile

wear - eth to - day.

dim.

pp

CONCLUDING CHORUS.—“Beauty, be Happy.”

Adapted from Spohr's “Azor and Zemira.”

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

1ST SOPRANO.



Beau - ty, be hap - py, thy tri - als are

2ND SOPRANO.



ACCOMP'T.



past, Sweetness and ten - der-ness tri-umph at



last. Be - hold how the prince is set free From



ev - 'ry enchantress but thee; Thine, thine the

ores.

fal - ry charms that hold him fast.....

Thine, thine the fal - ry charms that hold him

fast, Thine, thine, yes thine.

Still in these bow'rs of delight. . . Fai - ries shall dance on the

green; Beau - ti - ful always and bright, Where Beau -'

ty, Beau - ty is queen.

Still in these bow'rs of de-light, Fairies shall dance on the

green; Beau - ti - ful al-ways, and bright..... Where

Beau - ty herself is the queen, Where .. Beau - ty herself is the queen, Where..... Beau - ty herself is the queen.....

rallentando.

queen, Where..... Beau - ty her self is the queen.....

rall.

.....

Fairy Goblin. Beast. Beauty. Fairy Aunt. Merchant. Two Daughters

B. B. G. C. L. C. L.

CURTAIN.

C I N D E R E L L A :

C I N D E R E L L A .

— : 0 : —

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E .

THE KING.

PRINCE ALONZO.

BUZFUZ, (*Lord-in-Waiting*).

THE QUEEN.

THE MOTHER.

WILHELMINA, *Old*,

SOPHONISBA, *Middle-Aged*, } *The Daughters*.

CINDERELLA, *Young*,

OLD FAIRY.

Lords and Ladies, Footmen, &c.

C O S T U M E S .

The King.—King's scarlet robes, jewelled; crown, &c.

Prince Alonzo.—Handsome blue satin and silver square-cut coat, white satin vest and breeches, silk stockings, white kid high-heeled shoes, with buckles; white wig, cravat, ruffs.

Lord Buzfuz.—Lord's dress of the period.

The Queen.—Blue and orange and silver robes of State, jewelled crown.

The Mother.—A brocade silk dress of the period, with laces and jewels; high red-heeled shoes and buckles, white wig, flowers and feathers, powdered and patched.

Wilhelmina.—An antiquated large flowered tuck-up dress, ruffs, laces, &c., powdered, wrinkled and patched. *Second dress*: Red and yellow gaudy outre costume, very showy; ostrich feather head-dress over, court wig, &c.

Sophonisba.—First and second dresses: Of the same description as the above, but younger-looking and less gaudy.

Cinderella.—A strip slate and brown colored short-skirted dress, slatternly slippers, hair unkempt, very shabby, her face and arms sooty in appearance. *Second dress*: A splendid satin and gold embroidered dress discovered under strip, glass slippers.

Old Fairy.—Fairy's tarlatan dress, spangled and lace; diamond star or butterfly on wire over her forehead.

Lords and Ladies.—Costumes of the period.

Footman, &c..—Green and gold liveries, heavily embroidered.

PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Round table and cover, c. Candleabra on it. Sofa, s.E.L. Easy chairs, u.E.R. Other chairs, ottomans, &c. Settees. Window curtains, u.E.L. Fireplace set u.E.R. Looking-glass over mantel. Brush and dust-pan. Letter.

SCENE II.—Nil.

SCENE III.—Kitchen set u.E.R. Chairs, stool, &c. Kitchen table. Large tin vessel containing peas. A large pumpkin. Mouse-trap with six mice in it. A rat-trap with a rat in it. Two lizards. A toy-coach, large enough to hold CINDERELLA, with six horses, coachman, and two footmen, to be drawn on and off the stage by an unseen string.

SCENE IV.—Nil.

SCENE V.—Throne set c. Canopy and two throne chairs. Clock to chime three quarters—then four quarters. Wand of office for BUZFUZ.

SCENE VI.—Nil.

SCENE VII.—Furniture in kitchen set—same as in Scene III. Blacking, blacking-brushes, boots and boot-box. A hammer discovered on table.

SCENES.

SCENE I.—A Centre Door Drawing-Room handsomely furnished with every requisite of necessary furniture. Fireplace set u.E.R. Window, u.E.L.

SCENE II.—A Front Chamber.

SCENE III.—Kitchen set. Fire-range, u.E.R. Pots and pans painted on flats. Wand for FAIRY.

SCENE IV.—Front Chamber in the Palace.

SCENE V.—A Ball-Room in the Palace, set at back. Throne and throne steps, two throne chairs, dias, and canopy, placed c.

SCENE VI.—Same as Scene IV.

SCENE VII.—Same as Scene III.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

C I N D E R E L L A .

Overture....."Marta".....Flotow.

SCENE I.—A Drawing-Room.

Enter WILHELMINA, R., and SOPHONIEBA, L., the latter with a letter in her hand.

Soph. (L.) Oh, Wilhelmina, have you heard?

Wilh. (R.) Heard what?

Soph. You'll never guess. Only look at that!

Wilh. (Reading the letter.) "His Majesty the King sends greeting"—Ha!

'o whom? I do declare to my papa!—
Commanding his attendance at a ball,
With his good lady and his daughters all,
In honor of his highness, Prince Alonzo,
In the attainment of his majority." (In ecstasy.)

Soph. He's such a dear, they say, and does go on so! (Giving back the letter.)

(Kissing letter.)

Wilh. Coming of age. Well, this is really charming!

Soph. My costume shall be something quite alarming.

Wilh. Mine shall be quite aesthetic—red and yellow.

Soph. And mine—but where's that lazy Cinderella?

What ho ! you baggage ! Cinder-slut, I say !
When she's required, she's never in the way.

Enter CINDERELLA, shabbily dressed, from a., she carries a brush and dust-pan.

Cind. (c.) Sisters, what now ? I thought I heard you calling.

Soph. Yes, you deaf door-post, till I'm hoarse with bawling.

Wilh. But what a dirty, dusty, grimy jade !

A pretty figure for a lady's maid !

Cind. I cannot help it. When I'd got the broom
(For so you ordered me) to sweep your room,
Mamma came storming in and rapped my pate,
And sent me off to clean the kitchen grate.

Soph. Bother the grate ! Why, goodness gracious bless us !
To think of grates, when you have got to dress us !

(Slowly.) For, girl, we're going to the Prince's ball.
Wouldn't you give your ears to go ?—that's all !

Cind. (Distractedly.) Oh, dear !

(Sighs.)

Wilh. Quick !—disobey us if you dare.

Just hold her, Nisba, while I pull her hair.

(They push her about and pull her hair—she cries out.)

Enter the MOTHER hurriedly from c.

Mother. (R.C.) Why, daughters, what means all this noise and bother ?

Soph. (L.) It's all this vicious Cinderella, mother.
She's quite a fury : I do wish you'd thwack her.

Cind. (L.C.) Oh, sister, what a most audacious cracker !

(Goes up stage.)

Mother. (To SOPHONIA.) I feared so ; but, dear girls, don't let
her bore us,
For think what splendid prospects are before us !
This sweet young Prince is just now in the humor
To take a wife—such is the general rumor ;
And one of my two daughters—need I say ?—
From all the world must bear the bell away.
So hear a mother's counsel : be affected—
By simple manners is the snob detected.

(CINDERELLA listens at back, and disapproves by action.)

Let all your dress be loud, pronounced, emphatic :
Such style is always most aristocratic,
Throw back your heads—assume a scornful look,
And cut all friends below the rank of duke :
Talk loud, and roll your eyes—be seen and heard ;
Prudes in society are most absurd.
And she that home returns the Prince possessing,
By hook or crook, shall win a mother's blessing.

Will. (R.) Don't tutor us, mamma—we're up to snuff.
(Calls to CINDERELLA up stage.) But do make haste, you little dirty
muff;

Wash yourself first, for fear you soil our dresses;
Why are you always in such dreadful messes?

Cind. (Comes down L.C.) One word, good mother. I am longing
so

To see this ball: I'm asked; do let me go!

Had my own mother lived, she would have let me.

Mother. Preposterous creature, you were born to fret me.

(Cuffs her.)

You're not presentable; you've no manners, child,
Nor dress to wear.

Soph. The creature drives me wild.

Why, if she went according to her wishes,

She'd soon be sent down-stairs to wash the dishes.

Wild. You'd hardly like it, darling, I'm afraid;
Spending the evening with the scullery-maid.

(They laugh at CINDERELLA.)

Eliza. (Stamps her foot.) Sisters, it is quite a shame the way you
use me.

Only this once, dear mother, don't refuse me? (Clasps her hands.)

Mother. (Aside.) How shall I put her off? On one condition,
Child, I will grant you your absurd petition.

I'll take three bushels of dry peas and fling them

Into the ashes. If to me you bring them

All gathered out within one hour, and do,

Meantime, all work my daughters set you to,

Then you shall go.

Cind. (In despair.) Oh, I can never do it!

Soph. (Crossing to her, and speaking shrewishly.) You'd better
not; for if you went, you'd rue it.

But what's the earthly use of all this bush?

Go, give your face and hands a thorough wash:

Be ready when we ring.

(Goes up a.)

Will. And bring hot water.

(Following her sister, a.)

Cind. (Appealingly.) But oh, mamma!

Mother. (Stamps, and goes up a.) Silence! Obey my daughters.

(Exeunt MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONIEBA, in an extravagantly dignified manner, a.—CINDERELLA exits L.)

SCENE II.—*Front Chamber.**Enter CINDERELLA, L.*

Cind. Oh, you step-sisters, how you do behave !
 I vow I'm treated like a perfect slave—
 Badgered all day—toiling outdoors and indoors,
 And sent at night to lie among the cinders.
 Perhaps there'll just be time before I'm wanted,
 To pay a visit to the tree I planted
 Above my mother's grave. A small bird's ditty
 There ever greets me with a voice of pity.
 I'll say, "Dear bird, do help me, if you please,
 Out of my fix about those bothering peas."
 Look out, my fine sisters ; for, hey cockolorum !
 Perhaps, after all, I shall manage to floor 'em !

(*Sings a serio-comic song, and exit L.*

SCENE III.—*Kitchen set at back.**Enter CINDERELLA, from U.E.L., with a large vessel containing peas.*

Cind. (Putting the vessel on table.) Ah, mother, you have lost the trick !
 That little bird's a perfect brick !
 No sooner had I made petition,
 And told him all the hard condition,
 That off he twittered in a crack,
 And with a thousand birds came back,
 Who chirped and chattered, and grubbed about,
 Till all the peas were clean picked out.
 But what's the use ? My mother rails,
 And sets her face as hard as nails :
 She won't believe her very eyes,
 And tells the most tremendous lies.
 But bark !—they come. One last appeal
 I'll make to that cold heart of steel.

*Enter the MOTHER and two DAUGHTERS, elegantly dressed, from U.E.L.**Mother.* Let me inspect you, darlings, if you please.*Cind. (B.C.)* Oh, please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

Mother. (a., disregarding her.) I think you'll do: you'll make a great impression.

Now try a love-sick, languishing expression.

Fan yourselves gently—good!—that's quite the cheese.

Cind. Oh please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

Mother. Try a sweet smile; and, to acquire one, say,

"Plums, poetry and prism." *(Affectedly.)*

Wilh. and Soph. (Together and imitating.) Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism.

Mother. Yes, just like that you say.

Try it again, but in a more affected way!

Wilh. and Soph. Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism. *(They leer grotesquely.)*

Mother. (Applauding.) Charming! Those looks are for the Prince, you know:

And now shut up some ordinary bean.

Look prouder still. *(They do so.)* Good, once more.

(They do.) Much better! You'll get it by degrees.

Cind. (Impatiently.) Oh, please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

Mother. Child, hold your tongue! Upon my word! Why, bother!

What is the earthly use of all this bother?

Look at your dress—you could not go in that!

Cind. If this ain't cheating, I don't know what's what.

(Thumping vessel on the floor.)

Wilh. I wonder, ma, you listen to her prating.

Soph. Come, come!—time's up—let's go—the coach is waiting.

Wilh. When we return, let coffee, wine, and prog

Be ready.

Mother. And for me a glass of grog.

Soph. Poor dear!—she'll cry. It can't be helped, you know.

Wilh. Wouldn't it give its little ears to go.

(They all jeer at CINDERELLA.)

QUARTETTE.

Cind. Ah! leave me not!—I ought to go;
My task is all completed.

Wilh. and Soph.—
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Cind. If you say "no,"
I am most vilely treated.

Wilh. and Soph.—

Ory, baby, cry ! Haste, haste away !

Mother. My dears, you look enchanting.

Wilh. and Soph.—

Yes, won't we set—

Cind.

Don't leave me, pray !

Wilh. and Soph.—

The Prince's heart a-panting !

Cind. "Twas ever thus ; from childhood's bower
My fondest hopes she hinders.

Moth. Wilh. and Soph.—

Ha ! ha ! ha ! he ! — { haste, haste away,
Cind. { Don't leave me pray

Moth. Wilh. and Soph.—

{ And leave her in'the cinders.

Cind.

{ To lie among the cinders.

(*Exeunt MOTHER, WILHELMINA and SOPHONIEBA, L.*

Cind. (a.) It's quite atrocious, I declare !
How I should like to pull their hair !

I really don't know what to do.

(*Crosses to L.*

Enter OLD FAIRY, from the n. at back.

Cind. Hallo ! good madam, who are you ?

Fairy. (b.c.) Never you mind, my little ducky ;
Enough that I can make you lucky.

I am a fairy, and I knew your mother ;
The little bird that helps you is my brother ;
And so I've come to make a friendly call.
Now, would you *really* like to see this ball ?

Cind. Wouldn't I just ! But see my clothes—how can I ?

Fairy. My dear, don't go and try to teach your grannie.
Go to your tree, and shake its branches o'er you !
Perhaps the little bird has something for you.

(*Waves her wand—CINDERELLA runs out L.—OLD FAIRY walking about, waving her wand—Fluty music behind the scenes.*

Fairy. Now's the time for magic sleights :
Haste ye here, my sister sprites ;
Hovering through the sky,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Haste and bless this happy day
With a fairy roundelay !

(*Glee from "Oberon in Fairy Land*

Remember CINDERELLA, i., splendidly dressed; on her feet slippers covered with glass beads.

Fairy. Well, now you're something like.

Cind. Yes, dear old hearty!

That little bird's a most obliging party:
And so are you.

Fairy. Yes, we are folks worth knowing.

But you can't walk: you'll want a coach to go in.

Cind. Yes, if I could but get one; but how can I?

Fairy. Again, my love, I say, don't teach your granny.
Go fetch a pumpkin from the garden, dear.

(CINDERELLA goes, and returns with one from U.E.L.

There, that's your coach. Have you a mousetrap here?

Cind. Yes.

Fairy. Bring it.

Cind. (From L.) Here it is.

Fairy. Hallo! six mice!

They'll do for horses. Fetch me in a trice,
The rat-trap next.

Cind. (From L.) Here!

Fairy. Has it caught a rat?

Cind. Oh, yes, a whiskered beauty; and so fat!

Fairy. He'll make a jolly coachman. Can you find,
D'yon think, two lizards? (Brings them from L.) Perch them up
behind,

Two graceful Jeaneses, dressed in green and gold.

And now I wave my magic wand. Behold!

(The articles mentioned having been brought in succession, and placed by CINDERELLA behind the side-scenes, a toy-coach, with six horses, coachman, and two footmen, is drawn from the same place across the stage by an unseen string.

Cind. Oh, dear! how very strange!

Fairy. Well, does it suit ye

Cind. Granny, the whole turn-out's a perfect beauty!
Such loves of footmen, too! And that grand party,
The jolly paunchy coachman!

Fairy. He looks hearty:
You may be bound he likes his beef and beer.
A heavy coachman steadies the couch, my dear.
The Queen, girl, when to Parliament she goes,
Has not a pair of cream-colors like those.
Get in then, stupid!

Cind. Nay, but, granny, come!
You're joking. These are meant for General Thumb.
You really must consider me a *fat*!
How can I squeeze into a coach like that?

Fairy. I say, don't teach your granny. Can't they grow?

(CINDERELLA gets in.)

You weren't your full size all at once, you know.

Coachman, drive on; outside the garden wait—

They'll be all right, dear, when they're past the gate.

(Music—The coach is drawn off the stage, U.E.L.—OLD FAIRY follows off.)

SCENE IV.—Front Chamber in the Palace.

Enter OLD FAIRY, from L., followed by CINDERELLA.

Fairy. We are here at last! And now, child, I must leave you! But one word before I go—go and enjoy yourself; Dance with the Prince; with sweetmeats do not cloy yourself; And mind, however much to stay they want you late, Before the clock strikes twelve you must absquatulate;

(Going to R.)

Else all to rags will turn your splendid dress, And then, you know, you'd be in a pretty mess. Good luck! hurrah! (R.) Oh, won't I bother Your vile step-sisters and step-mother!

(Exit R.)

Cind. Well, I'm in luck, there's no denying that! From scullery-maid to Princess I have been changed quite pat!

(Song and exit, R.)

SCENE V.—A Ball-Room set at back.

KING, R.C., and QUEEN, L.C., discovered on throne in C. PRINCE ALONZO R., and BUZFUZ L., standing. Other Nobles, Ladies, &c. Flourish at opening. Characters come forward.

King. (R.C.) This company is very long a coming; Such conduct to the Crown is not becoming.

Buzfuz. (L.) Just like the snobs: I always find such trash unbearable. To see that to be late is not most fashionable.

Prince. (R.) Folks have no manners now: they're getting what I call Absurdly radical and democratical.

(Uses eyeglass.)

These liberal notions do not suit us, dad.

King. Ah ! things were different in my youth, my lad.

Buzfuz. Your royal father, when folks kept him waiting,
Would spike their heads upon the garden grating.

Prince. I hope he spared the ladies. But, I say,
What sort of dowdies have you got to-day ?

King. Oh, stunners ! Trust your dad for that, you monkey.

Buzfuz. Don't lose your heart, your highness.

Prince. Here's the flunkey.

Enter FOOTMAN, L., ushering in company.

Footman. (L. corner.) The Duke and Duchess of Van Dieman's Land.

King. You're welcome, subjects : you may kiss our hand.

(More announcements follow, and more company enters and range themselves R. and L.)

King. You are all welcome ; pray be blithe and hearty.

Footman. The Honorable Mrs. Smith and party.

Enter MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONIEBA, from L., who curtsey extravagantly in front of throne, and back over against the PRINCE, R.

Prince. Excuse me, madam ; you have squodged my toe.

(FOOTMAN exits.)

Wilh. Indeed !

Mother. (R. corner.) Take care, girl. (Pinches her—Aside.) That's His Highness !

Wilh. (R. C., screams out.) Oh !
Ten million pardons, most serene Alonzo ;
These vulgar people really push one on so !

Prince. Well, then, to make all square, let's dance a measure.

Wilh. Sir, with the most unutterable pleasure.

(Music—A general dance—at the end of which

Enter FOOTMAN, L., who speaks to BUZFUZ, L.C., who goes out and returns directly.

Buzfuz. (L. corner.) Sire, a young lady of astounding beauty has just arrived—desires to pay her duty.
She looks a Princess, but we can't induce her
To tell her name ; and so can't introduce her.

King. (To QUEEN.) Shall we allow her to come in ?

Queen. Oh, yes !

I'm dying to behold this strange Princess.

Enter CINDERELLA, L., led in by BUZFUZ—She kisses hands in front of throne—All stand in admiration.

Prince. So jolly a girl I never yet did see :
My stars and garters ! she's the lass for me !

Fair Princess, whatsoe'er your name and nation,
Be pleased to give me the great gratification.

(PRINCE claps his hands, and cries, "The Lancers!" *Music*.
The last figure of the Lancers danced: after which the company walks about, the PRINCE with CINDERELLA. The clock chimes three-quarters, then four-quarters. On the first stroke of twelve, CINDERELLA starts and escapes from the room, *l.*

Prince. Hallo! What now? She's bolted like a racer!

Buzfuz. Where is the Princess? *(Bustles about)*
Prince. Quick, my Buzfuz—chase her.

(*Music*.—The company walk about, talking in confusion, *a.* and *b.*.—They all *exit* *l.*, in confusion—BUZFUZ jostles against the MOTHER and WILHELMINA, who toss their heads and *exit* indignantly—BUZFUZ laughs and follows them—KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, and SOPHONISBA go off *l.*

SCENE VI.—Front Chamber in the Palace.

Enter all the Characters in the relation of exit in previous Scene, BUZFUZ last.

Buzfuz. (i. corner.) My Lord, the Princess can't be found at all. I chased her flying to a garden wall, O'er which she sprang. When I climed up to see, She seemed to vanish in a hazel tree.

Prince. (R.C.) Oh, dear, how bad I feel! I've lost my head! Oh, Buzfuz, Buzfuz, let me go to bed.

Queen. The Prince will faint. Break up, break up the ball!

(The company run to and fro—MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA come to the front as they retire.

Mother. My dears, I don't admire that minx at all.

Wilh. A very common person, I should say.

Soph. Oh, very! A mere dressed-up popinjay!

(*Exeunt* MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA, *l.*, indignantly.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, BUZFUZ, AND NOBLES.

Prince.— Ah! woe is me! and well-a-day!
Where has that vision fled?
My light, my life has died away.
And I must go to bed.

Chorus.—

Oh, never yet was seen, sir, such a rammy go as this is !
 She came, and she departed, like a meteor through the sky ;
 How brilliantly she flashed among the madams and the misses ;
 Oh, chase her, find her, bring her back, or sure the Prince will die !

Prince.—

My heart is going pit-a-pat.
 And I have lost my head.
 The world is stale, and life is flat.
 Oh ! let me go to bed.

Chorus.—Oh, never yet was seen, etc.

(Breakdown by all the characters, at the end of which they run the hay, and dance off R. end L.)

SCENE VII.—*Same as Scene III.*

CINDERELLA, in kitchen dress, discovered on a stool, in R. corner, cleaning shoes—Song by CINDERELLA, at the end

Enter MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONIEBA, hurriedly, R.R.L.

Wilh. (R.C.) Who can she be, mamma ? It's very queer.

Mother. (C.) I'm sure she's not respectable, my dear.

Soph. (L.C.) So strange, that three nights to the ball she came,
 And not a single creature knew her name !

Mother. It fills me, love, with virtuous indignation :
 Such things allowed at Court degrade the nation.

Wilh. They say each night she scaled our garden-wall.

Soph. Yes, that's the most mysterious thing of all.

Wilh. And such attention the Prince showed the fright !

Soph. I had to be a wallflower half the night.

Wilh. I, too, the undiscriminating fellow !

He might almost as well court Cinderella !

(They burst out laughing, looking scornfully at CINDERELLA, R., who brushes a shoe diligently, but shakes her brush at them when they are not looking.)

Soph. It was her jewels, dear ; I saw he twigg'd 'em ;

Wilh. He's probably hard up—of course, she prigged 'em.

Mother. She'll be exposed, my dears ; the case is flagrant ;
 She'll get committed as a common vagrant. (Trumpet outside.)

Hark ! What is coming ! That's the royal trumpet !

Off, Cinderella ! (CINDERELLA jumps up.) Take your shoes and
 stamp it ! (Exit CINDERELLA, hastily, R.R.L.)

Assume your airs and graces, girls—look sweet ; (The girls get a
 Put on your gloves : my fan—is my hair neat ?
 This is an anxious moment ; for who knows
 Whether the Prince is coming to propose ?

Enter BUZFUZ, U.E.L, carrying a glass slipper—They receive him with extravagant affection.

Mother. (c.) Sir, as a ray from royalty's bright centre
 We bid you welcome : be not shy—pray enter.

Wilh. Though used to bask within the central light,
 We yet are pleased to grace the satellite.

Buzfuz. Ladies, I thank you for your kind attention,
 Though your fine speeches pass my comprehension.
 But to the point. A lady !—such a clipper !—
 Last night upon the staircase left this slipper.
 You see, it's wonderfully small and neat ;
 The lady must have most enchanting feet.
 The Prince is frantic, buffets us all round,
 And vows the lady must and shall be found :
 For her, who on her foot this shoe can carry,
 In spite of royal marriage-acts, he'll marry.
 He comes himself ! My eye ! but I shall catch it,
 Unless I find a girl whose foot can match it. (Trumpet outside.)

Enter PRINCE, distractedly, U.E.L.

Prince. Garters and stars ! Well, Buzfuz, have you sped ?
 Show me the lady, or I'll break your head !

Buzfuz. (To WILHELMINA.) Do say it's you, for goodness gracious sake !

Mother. (Presenting WILHELMINA.) Allow me, Prince, the liberty
 to take
 Of saying how rejoiced I am to find
 The shoe again my daughter left behind.
 Yes, that's her slipper, though the fit's a tight one.

Prince. Well, try it on. (Aside.) Buzfuz, that's not the right
 one.

Mother. A moment pardon us : 'twill soon be fitted.

Prince. Buz, if it fits, I'm horribly committed.

(MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA retire to the end of the
 room, R.C. PRINCE walks about distractedly on L. BUZFUZ
 trying to soothe him.

Mother. It must go on : don't scream, girl, though it pinches.

Wilh. Oh, ma ! my foot's too big by several inches.

Mother. Don't be a fool. Let me cut off your toe.

A princess never needs to walk, you know.

Wih. Oh, mother, you will murder me ! Oh ! oh !
(She jumps up and kicks away the shoe.)

Prince. Madam, it seems that daughter will not do ;
 But there's another girl ; let her try too.

Mother. Well, after all, I think 'tis Nisba's shoe.

Soph. I know it's mine, mamma. I would have said so,
 But Mina looked so cross and tossed her head so.

Prince. Don't bother ! Try ! *(Aside.)* Buzfuz, I'm easier now.
 She'll get it on no better than a cow.

(MOTHER and SOPHONISBA go aside to try on the shoe.)

Mother. Keep still ! it's going on.

Soph. I say it's not !

Oh ! how you hurt me !

Mother. What a heel you've got !

A hammer, Mina—quick. I must reduce.
 This stubborn heel. *(WILHELMINA give her a hammer.)*

Soph. Oh ! Murder ! What's the use ?

Mother. Just one rap. *(Raises the hammer.)*

Soph. No ! You've tortured me enough :
 The Prince be hanged ! What care I for the muff ?

(Kisses and kicks away the slipper.)

Prince. (a.) Well, madam, really monstrous pains you've taken
 To try it on—with me ! Doesn't fit, eh ? Ah !

Mother. (a.c.) I'm afraid we've been mistaken.

Prince. But where's the right one—eh ?

Mother. I beg your pardon.

Prince. Hark ye ! each night she vanished in your garden.

Eh, Buzfuz ?

Buzfuz. (L.) Yes ; she scaled the garden wall.

Prince. Have you no other lady here at all :

Mother. None, sir, of adequately fine quintessence
 To meet your Royal Highness's splendescence.

Prince. Bosh !

Mother. There's one slut, that sits among the cinders.

Buzfuz. Warming her pretty toes like Polly Flinders.

Prince. Bring her directly, or—my stars and garters !
 I'll have you all cut up into four quarters.

Enter OLD FAIRY, U.E.L., leading CINDERELLA, splendidly dressed.

Mother. Good gracious me ! Can this be Cinderella ?

Fairy. (a.) Yes, madam : you may well turn green and yellow.
 Give me the shoe, Prince. Try it on, my love ;
 And I'll be bound it fits you like a glove.

(CINDERELLA, L.C., puts on the slipper and comes forward.)

Buzfuz. (L.) Your highness, that's a beauty without painting.

Mother. (a.) Oh, girls !—the sal-volatula !—I'm fainting.

(She falls back, supported by WILHELMINA and SOPHONISBA, L. and R.C.)

Prince. Faint as you like ! The plague take all the lot,
Except my precious bride, whom here I've got.
As for these others, there's no way of putting it,
Except that they have nicely put their foot in it.

(Trumpet and drum outside.)
Buzzuz. Prince, I believe your pa and ma are coming.
Prince. I thought so, by that most atrocious drumming.

Enter KING and QUEEN, U.E.L.

King. (R.C.) Hallo ! you've found your girl at last, my boy ?

Queen. (L.C.) A charming bride ! My dear, I wish you joy.

King. Bless ye, my children !

Prince. Oh ! I feel so jolly !

Fairy. Prince, do have done at present with your folly,
Spoonng in public may too far be carried.
But it is now high time we got you married :
And for this purpose I will try to fish up
Some non-colonial ritualistic bishop.

King. But, since you may not catch one in a hurry.

(To PRINCE.) Suppose you sing a song to keep us merry.

Prince. What shall it be ?

King. Oh, something that won't bore us :
"Come live with me."

Prince. You all must join in chorus.

(Song—"Come Live With Me."—Repeating last line of each stanza in chorus.)

Mother. (Rising from her swoon in R. corner.) My lieges, now
you've done your tweedledee—
A little frivolous it seemed to me—
Let me express the hope that she whom fate
Has raised to greatness from the kitchen-grate—
'This person—may prove worthy of the honor :
Believe me, I have spent much pains upon her.
That she has proved ungrateful for my care
Is what I looked for—I the blow can bear.
I loved her dearly once—the dream is past :
You'll find out her true character at last.
As for myself and daughters, let me say,
Deceit and witchcraft are not in our way :
We scorn your court, abjure its giddy height ;
And so, with quiet dignity, we wish you all good-night.

(They curtsey deeply, retiring backwards off U.E.L.)

Prince. Good-night, good madam, if you will not stay
To dance a measure on our wedding-day.

Old Fairy. (To the audience.) At any rate, good people all, we
pray
Your kind approval of our Christmas play.

*CHORUS, in Act III, Scene I, of WAGNER's "Lohengrin," "Faithful
and True," etc.*

Disposition of Characters.

OLD FAIRY.
KING.
QUEEN.
CINDERELLA.
PRINCE.
BOYFRIEND.

OUTLINE.

SONG.—“Ah, leave me Not.”

CINDERELLA.

WILH. & SOPH.

CIND.

WILH. & SOPH. *Faster.*

MOTHER.

Cry, ba - by, cry! haste, haste a - way! My

WILH. & SOPH.

dears you look en - chant - - - ing. O wont we

CIND.

Don't leave me, pray.

set, O wont we set the Prince's heart, the

CIND. tempo.

'Twas ev - - er
Prin - ce's heart a pant - ing.

thus from child-hood's hour my fond - est hopes she

hin - - - ders.

Don't

MOTH., WILH. & SOPH.

Ha, ha, ha, heh! ha, ha, ha, heh! Haste.

leave me, pray, to lie a-mong the cin - - - ders.
 haste a-way, And leave her in the cin - - - ders.
 colla voce.

SONG.—“Ah, woe is Me.”

CIND.

Ah, woe is me, and well - a-day! Where has that vis-ion.

fied? My life, my light, has died a-way, And

I must go to bed..... My life, my light, has

CHORUS. $\text{♩}=120.$

Rall.

1st Sop.

died a - way, and I must go to bed. Oh,
2d Sop.

nev - er yet was seen, sir, such a rummy go as this is, She

came and she de-part - ed like a mete-or thro' the sky. How

This block contains the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics "came and she de-part - ed like a mete-or thro' the sky. How" are written below the notes.

bril - liant - ly she flash'd a-mong the madams and the misses ! Oh,

This block contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music continues with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics "bril - liant - ly she flash'd a-mong the madams and the misses ! Oh," are written below the notes.

chase her, find her, bring her back, Or else the prince will die !

This block contains the final two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music concludes with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics "chase her, find her, bring her back, Or else the prince will die !" are written below the notes.

R O S E B U D ;

OR,

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

R O S E B U D ;

O B ,

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

— : o : —

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.

PRINCE.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

BEEFEATER.

PAGE.

COOK.

QUEEN.

DUCHESS, (*Lady-in-Waiting*).

NURSE.

ROSEBUD.

SPITFIRE, (*Seventh Fairy*).

SIX GOOD FAIRIES.

COSTUMES.

King.—Green and gold silk velvet shirt, with hanging sleeves; long skirt crimson robe, jewelled; girdle, crown, &c.

Prince.—White satin tunic, rose satin cloak, dagger, lace cap, feather, ornaments, &c.

Lord Chancellor.—Robes of office, large wig, wand.

Beefeater.—Dress of the period.

Page.—Short tunic, richly embroidered; flaxen wig, short cloak trimmed with gold, girdle and dagger.

Cook.—All white, white cap.

Queen.—Light blue and white satin, with silver lace; coronet, robe, girdle, &c.

Duchess.—Rich dress of the period.

Nurse.—Large frill cap, white apron, a stuff dress.

Rosebud.—A tasteful and pretty dress, formed of light and delicate colors; blonde hair.

Spitfire.—Red, various devices of green and red foil paper pasted over dress; a girdle of same hanging from waist.

Fairies.—Tarlatan, silk tights, satin shoes, wands, star on foreheads.

PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Two throne chairs c. Two stools. Eight gilded chairs. Table, with crimson and gold cloth cover. Cups, dishes, and six gold plates on it. Cakes, fruits, flowers, wine and glasses on table. Seven wands for seven Fairies. Property baby in long clothes for NURSE. Bottle of smelling salts. Wand for CHANCELLOR.

SCENE II.—Nil.

SCENE III.—Table spread c., with gold and crimson cloth. Chairs, gilded, round table, which is spread with dishes, cups, goblets, fruits, decanters of wine, glasses, &c. Side table L., with punch-bowl and ladle on it. Behind the curtains at bottom of platform, which, when withdrawn, a couch is discovered, beside it an old woman with distaff and spindle, spinning. Soup tureen and ladle. Peacock on a dish with its tail spread.

SCENE IV.—Nil.

SCENE V.—Bones discovered at opening of Scene in front of hedgerow.

SCENE VI.—Nil.

SCENE VII.—All discovered as left at the termination of Scene III. Piece of rope on table, L.

SCENES.

SCENE I.—Palace at back. Centre arch.

SCENE II.—A Front Chamber in the Palace.

SCENE III.—A Banqueting-Room in the Palace. A platform at back of stage, high enough to clear the heads of guests seated at table. Platform leads off on both sides of stage. Steps R. and L. leading up to it. Hangings above and below, representing the scenes or wall of the room. Above on the gallery, the scene is to be discovered by the hangings being drawn aside, and a room seen backed by interior.

SCENE IV.—A Front Garden.

SCENE V.—A Hedge set at back of the stage, with an opening for the PRINCE to dash through and exit. Bones scattered on the ground.

SCENE VI.—A Front Wood.

SCENE VII.—Same set as Scene III., discovered as it ended in previous Scene.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

R O S E B U D ;

OR,

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace. Table spread R.C., with cups, dishes, and six gold plates.*

QUEEN, LORD CHANCELLOR, and DUCHESS discovered arranging the table.

Enter KING, U.E.L.

King. (a.) Where is the Queen? Hallo, old girl! I say, all prepared for this auspicious day? The banquet cooked, the fairies all invited? would not for the world that *they* were slighted.

Queen. (R.C.) The feast's all right—the cakes are my own making, I'm quite done up with kneading, tasting, baking; though precious little trouble you've been taking.

King. (Coughs.) Affairs of state, my dear, affairs of state!

Queen. Affairs of snooze and booze at any rate. In fact, your waste and idleness you've carried to such a pitch, and spent so much on claret, that to provide for this our christening fete, our Chancellor has had to pawn your plate.

King. My plate!—the rascal! Are you stating facts? To CHANCELLOR.) Why could you not raise the income-tax?

Chan. (R.) Your subjects, sire, are on rebellion bent: taxed their matches, and they weren't content.

King. Ha ! not content ? I'll have them hanged by dozens.

Queen. Right ! But the question is, these fairy cousins, Since the plate went I've been in such a fix ! Of golden trenchers there are left but six, Which, for our seven fairy friends, you know. Are one too few.

King. Why, here's a pretty go ! How have you managed ?

Queen. Why, I've left one out.

King. One what ?

Queen. One fairy god-mother, you lout.

King. What ? Not invited her ?

Queen. How could I ?

King.

Which is't ?

Queen. That disagreeable Spitfire.

King. She's the richest Of all the lot.

Queen. I hate the spiteful patch.

King. My dear, a rich god-mother is a catch. She'll be so angry, too, if she feels slighted.

Chan. Let's hope she mayn't turn up, though uninvited.

(Bell rings without.)

King. Bless us !

Chan. I hear the bell.

King. They're coming, Queen ; For goodness' sake do try to look serene.

Queen. My draggings up are regal, every inch a Queen !

(Aside.) Thanks to the dressmaker and my crinoline !

(Holds DUCHESS, R.) Are my skirts all right ?

How do I look ?

Duch. (A little at back, R.) It is a pure delight To see you : there's no beauty that can match you.

She'll swallow any flattery. (Aside to CHANCELLOR.)

Chan. (Aside.) Hush ! she'll catch you. (Music.)

Enter six FAIRIES, one by one, from U.E.L. KING and QUEEN welcome them in succession, and seat them at the table, R.C.

King. (To first Fairy.) So glad to see you !

Queen. Dearest cousin, pray Be seated.

King. (To second Fairy.) Welcome on this happy day.

Queen. (To third Fairy.) Well met, sweet friend : you always bring good luck.

King. (To fourth Fairy.) You'll find your little godchild such a duck !

Queen. (To fifth Fairy.) You too ! how nice !

King. (To sixth Fairy.) To see you's quite a treat.
And now, I think, our party is complete.

Queen. Now, Duchess, look alive, and hand the cake!

Duch. Which sort, sweet ladies, will you please to take?

King. Chancellor, stump about! you're plaguey slow!

He wine! (CHANCELLOR pours out wine.)

Duch. To drink to your godchild's health, you know.

King. Just one more glass, to keep out cold and damp.

(To CHANCELLOR, who goes up stage.) And now, sir, you may summon Mrs Gamp.

(Exit CHANCELLOR, U.E.L. The Fairies sip their wine smiling.)

Re-enter CHANCELLOR, U.E.L., with NURSE carrying baby. The Fairies rise, rush at the baby, hugging and kissing it in a.

First F. Delicious darling!

Second F. Just like its papa!

Third F. I think its precious nose is like mamma.

Fourth F. Such sweet blue eyes!

Fifth F. And such a curly wig!

Sixth F. Why, it's as fat as any sucking-pig!

Nurse. (Recovering the baby.) Excuse me, ladies; on my word —reely!

You poke and squeeze it so you'll make it cry.

Ha! catchy, catchy! Did they hurt my chuck?

Now, what are you going to give it for good luck? (Curtseying.)

First F. This faithful soul reminds us of our duty.

Let's take our wands and bless the smiling beauty.

(Crosses to L.—Fairies take up their wands and come forward in succession.)

Second F. I give the dowry of bewitching looks. (Crosses to L.)

Third F. I, health and wealth. (Crosses to L.)

Fourth F. I, learning without books. (Crosses to L.)

Fifth F. I give good temper. She shall never cry, (Crosses to L.)

at when the nurse rubs soap into her eye. (Crosses to L.)

Sixth F. My gift is skill in music and in painting. (Crosses to L.)

Enter SPITFIRE, suddenly, U.E.L. QUEEN starts and screams.

Queen. Ugh! there's that horrid Spitfire! King, I'm fainting.

(She falls into a chair, R.C.)

Duch. (R., giving the QUEEN smelling-salts.) Madam, be firm. She's looking so satirical.

Queen. Oh, but I feel so dreadfully hysterical!

King. (Going forward to meet SPITFIRE, C.) Dear friend, we've been in such a palpitation

For fear you had not got our invitation.

Queen. Why this is quite an unexpected pleasure.
Allow me to present our infant treasure.

Spit. (L.C.) Bosh and gammon !

King. Valued friend,
Pray believe us !

Spit. Fiddlestick-end !

Queen. Cousin !

Spit. Never try to patch it !
I'm insulted. You shall catch it !

Let me see the precious pet.

I've one gift to give her yet.

(The rest of the speech to be recited in monotone, accompanied by soft music.)

Fifteen years shall pass away ;
Then shall come the fated day.
With a spindle whirling quick
She her little hand shall prick ;
So speak I, who cannot lie—
Prick her little hand—and die.

Nurse. Oh, bless its little heart ! Lauk, lauk-a-day !
Sure, ma'am, you can't be meaning what you say.

King. Our valued friend is joking.

Spit. Joking ? Oh, yes !

Cham. (R. corner.) Your Majesties, I fear you're in a mess.

Queen. Dear coz, relent : you must be joking.

Spit. (Loudly.)

No !

But now, dear Queen, for fear of being *de trop*,
Your uninvited, valued friend will go.

(Exit SPITFIRE, U.E.L.—All stand in consternation.)

First F. (Crosses to the C.) Dear friends, I can't reverse, I fear
The doom that you have quaked to hear ;
But, having yet to give my blessing.
I'll make the sequel less distressing.
Naught can avert the fatal chance ;
But death I change into a trance.

(Monotone Recitative and soft music as above.)
In a silent trance and deep,
She a hundred years shall sleep ;
She and all—both man and mouse—
Living in th' enchanted house,
Till a Prince, some lucky day,
From a land that's far away.
Comes to break the dismal spell.
This is all I can—farewell !

(Going up to the Queen.)

(Exeunt Fairies, solemnly curtseying, U.E.L.)

SONG.

AIR: "Oh, Dear! What can the Matter Be?"

King. Oh dear! what can we make of it?
Queen. Oh, dear! what shall we do?
Nurse. Poor little dear, I would die for the sake of it!
Chun. True, sir, you may all look blue!

Duch. Still you have fifteen long years before you, sir.
King. Yes, fifteen years is a jolly long spell.
Chun. Distant the prospect is: don't let it bore you, sir.
All. Hearts up! and all may be well.

(Breakdown—All dance off L.)

SCENE II.—*Front Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter CHANCELLOR, hurriedly, from L., followed angrily by KING, QUEEN, and NURSE.

King. Why, bless us!
 Why should such silly fears distress us?
 Now, Chancellor, I give you warning:
 If by this time to-morrow morning
 A single spindle shall be found, sir,
 Within this palace, or its ground, sir,
 Bringing danger to my daughter,
 By your head you'll soon be shorter:
 And off with any woman's head, sir,
 Who dares, henceforth, to spin a thread, sir.

Chun. (Bowing.) Most strictly, sire, your orders I'll obey.

King. You'd better. Let's be jolly while we may.

(KING leads QUEEN off R., bowed first by CHANCELLOR, who then follows after.)

Nurse. Oh! lank-a-day! I'm in a strange quandary;
 It's my opinion all will turn contrary.
 There's no accounting for these sort of things,
 And what must be must be in spite of kings.
 But, goodness gracious, I am very near wild,
 For, gracious goodness, I've lost my child!
(Song, "I've Lost My Child," and exit R.)

SCENE III.—Fifteen Years Later—A Banquet-Room in the Palace.
 Table spread with dishes, cups, etc., and chairs round it, c. Also a side-table, l. At the back of stage, above the heads of persons sitting at the table, a platform must be contrived, to be entered behind the back scenes. At the back of the stage, on each side of the opening to the platform, are steps leading up to room, and below it, hangings, or scenes representing the wall of the room.

Enter six FAIRIES, from U.E.L.—Music.

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

First F. Fifteen years have passed away ;
 Is not this the fated day ?
Chorus. Yes, it is the fated day.
First F. See ! a feast prepared to-night,
 Let them taste a short delight,
 Careless of the fairies' warning !
Chorus. Sleep will come before the morning !
 Sleep like death before the morning !

Enter SPITFIRE, hurriedly, from U.E.L. The other Fairies turn towards her angrily, down R., extending their wands.

First F. Ah ! she comes ! The furies take her !
Chorus. Hence ! avaunt, thou mischief-maker !
 Hence ! avaunt, thou mischief-maker !

(Music, very piano, through dialogue and business.)
Spit. Peace ! 'tis vain. I know my power :
 Now is come the fated hour.
 Yonder, in a lonely tower,
 All to King and Queen unknown,
 Bent with age, and wrinkled grown,
 Sits and spins an aged crone—
 Sits all day and spins alone,
 Long forgotten and unknown.
 See her, then, the aged crone !

(She waves her wand at back—The curtain is withdrawn, and discovers a couch, and an old woman, with distaff and spindle spinning. ROSEBUD approaches her; stands gazing at the spindle; tries to take it; the old woman waves her off.)
 She will get it by-and-by :
 Thus speak I, who cannot lie ;
 She will get it by-and-by,
 Prick her little hand, and die.

(Music ends)

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS CONTINUED.

First F. She shall sleep ; she shall not die.
Chorus. Sleep for a hundred years ; not die !

(The curtain is now closed, which hides the opening. Exeunt SPITFIRE and Fairies, U.E.R.)

Enter KING, QUEEN, CHANCELLOR, DUCHESS, LORDS, and LADIES, from U.E.L., and take their places at table, a., ushered in by BEEFEATER and PAGE.

| PAGE. | QUEEN. | KING. | PAGE. |
|--------------|---------|---------|--------------|
| o | o | o | o |
| BEEFEATER. o | CHAN. o | DUCH. o | LORD. o |
| PAGE. o | DUCH. o | LORD. o | LADY. o |
| BEEFEATER. o | LADY. o | LADY. o | BEEFEATER. o |
| R. | C. | | L. |

SONG.

AIR : "Three Jolly Post-Boys."

King. Now, lords and ladies, let us eat like dragons !
Queen. Now, lords and ladies, let us eat like dragons !
Chorus. And let's be determined,
 And let's be determined,
 And let's be determined
 To push about the flagons !

While they sing, Enter the COOK, U.E.L., bearing a soup-tureen, which he places on the side table, L.

King. What ho, the soup !

Page. (L., to the Cook.) D'y hear, ye stupid block ?

Some soup ! Here ye are, sir.

(Handing soup to the KING—He and BEEFEATER serve the rest.

Page. (To the BEEFEATER.) Butler, hand the hock.

(Wine handed round

King. I never felt so free from melancholy.

Chan. (R.) We're all rejoiced to see you look so jolly.

(To DUCHESS.) What spirits the King has !

Duch. (R.) And he's so witty !

Chan. Such royal grace and fancy ! And how pretty

And young her Majesty does look to-night !

Duch. Oh, exquisite ! (Aside.) She looks a perfect fright.
 Chan. (Aside.) Hush ! or they'll hear you.

King. Fol-de-rol ! I say,
 Where's Rosebud ? I've not seen her all the day.

Queen. Dressing, I think : she said she'd dine alone.

Duch. What a sweet creature has the Princess grown !

King. Why, yes—she'll pass. But think, dear, of those fairies,
 Thinking to fright us with their strange vagaries !
 She'd prick her finger with a spindle, would she ?
 But when the spindles all were burnt, how could she ?
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Queen. Ha ! ha !

Duch. He ! he !

Chan. Ho ! ho !

King. Well, this is the girl's birthday, as you know :
 I'll mark it by some gracious act. (To CHANCELLOR.) I say,
 Was not some fellow to be hanged to-day ?

Chan. Yes, sire ; that man who broke his fiddle-string.

Duch. And one, you know, because he could not sing.

Queen. Serve him right, too.

King. My dear, they shall not swing
 To-day ; I pardon both.

Chan. What condescension !

This clemency—

Duch. Surpasses comprehension !

King. Ha ! I believe you, girl. Put on the bowl,
 And, while we're waiting for the peacock, troll—
 I feel just like him—"Old King Cole."

(BEFEATER, L., places a punch-bowl on the table. KING fills his
 glass, and begins the song.

SONG..

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he !
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for
 his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he !

Fiddle-diddle-dee went the fiddlers, fiddle-diddle-dee !

For there's none so rare as can compare with the sons of harmony.

Near the end of the song, ENTER COOK, from U.E.L., bearing a peacock
 on a dish with its tail spread. At the same time the curtain is with-
 drawn above and discovers the old woman and ROSEBUD. The latter
 gets hold of the spindle and tries to spin. Below, PAGE tries to get a
 feather from the peacock's tail ; the COOK struggles with him. At the
 table, the CHANCELLOR takes the hand of the DUCHESS, and offers to
 kiss it. The QUEEN, perceiving what the CHANCELLOR is at, is about
 to pull his hair. The BEFEATER, in a corner, raises a bottle to his

mouth. Just as the chorus, "For there's none so rare, etc.," is begun, and as the KING is about to drink, and the CHANCELLOR to kiss the DUCHESS' hand, and the QUEEN to pull the CHANCELLOR's hair, and the COOK to box the PAGE's ear, and the BEEFEATER to drink out of his bottle, ROSEBUD pricks her finger and falls on the couch. Suddenly the song ceases, and all are fixed in their respective attitudes. Picturesque tableau struck by all the characters concerned. Music. The Scene slowly closed.

SCENE IV.—A Front Garden.

Enter PRINCE, from L.—Music.

SONG.—"I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls."

Prince. Is this the place of which I've dreamt so long,
And wandered through the wide, wide world to find it?
For ever in my dreams I seemed to hear
A voice that called me over land and sea
To some mysterious hidden paradise,
Where haply I might find a blooming bride.
Is this the place at last? The mystic voice
Whispers it is. But how to pass this hedge?
It seems impassable: and oh! how fearful!
I see all round the blanching bones of men.
Ha! who comes here? (Looks off R.) A peasant: I'll accost her:
Perhaps she'll tell me something. If not, I'll molest her!

(Music. Exit PRINCE, R.

SCENE V.—At the back of the stage a Hedge, represented by scenery or otherwise. Before the hedge bones scattered on the ground.

Enter SPITFIRE, running, R., disguised as a peasant, with cloak and hood, followed quickly by the PRINCE.

Prince. Madam, pray, can you inform me what's behind this fence?

Spit. (L.C.) Hence, if you love your life! good stranger, hence!

Prince. (R.C.) Certainly not. I've travelled far, you see,
And turning back is not the thing for me,

Spit. Well, hear the story that is told
 About this fence from times of old :
 'Tis said a palace lies behind it,
 Though no one ever yet could find it.
 Those who in other days have tried
 Have stuck fast in the thorns, and died.
 Behold their bones ! Be warned, my friend,
 And court not such a fearful end.

Prince. Upon my word, good madam, really
 I wish you would not talk so queerly.
 I was intending to pursue
 My course, and force a passage through ;
 But now you've given me such a fright,
 I feel my liver turning white.

Spit. The last that tried—a prince like you—
 I saw him pining day by day :
 The sharp thorns pierced him through and through.

Prince. I'm half inclined to run away ;
 And yet that music sweet and clear,
 That mystic voice that haunts my ear,
 Urges me on to daring deeds.
 The many fail ; the one succeeds.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Music—DOWLAND'S “*Legend of the Avon.*”—*Old English ditties.*

Onward, Prince, whate'er betide !
 Faint heart never won fair bride.
 Thorny though the thicket grows,
 Sweet within it sleeps the rose.

Prince. They urge me on to daring deeds—
 The many fail, the one succeeds.

(*He is rushing up to penetrate the hedge, when SPITFIRE warns him back.*)

Spit. Those are wicked sirens of the wood,
 That laugh, and quaff the luckless wanderer's blood.
 They sing to lure you on to die,
 Their rosy lips will suck you dry.

Prince. A pleasant thought, upon my word !
 It can't be true ; the thing's absurd !

Spit. Let not their cunning sleights deceive you.

Prince. Madam, be hanged ! I don't believe you.

(*Some business repeated*)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Music—As before.

Onward, Prince, whate'er betide!
 Faint heart never won fair bride.
 Thoruy though the thicket grows,
 Oh! how sweet the hidden rose!

Prince. Madam, unhand me! I will go.

Spit. Stay! stay!

Idiot! A wilful man will have his way.

(*Music.* PRINCE breaks loose from SPITFIRE, who in vain tries to detain him. He passes through the hedge. SPITFIRE augered, stamps her foot with rage, utters silent imprecations, and runs off, L. *Scene closes.*

SCENE VI.—*A Front Wood. Discordant music.*

Enter SPITFIRE, hurriedly, L.

Spit. (Throwing off her disguise and looking back.) He's gone—
 he'll find her—and he'll wake her!
 I'm flooored at last. The mischief take her! (Music.)

Enter six FAIRIES, from R.

First F. Yes, floored at last, thou mischief-maker!

Chorus. Floored, floored at last, thou mischief-maker!

(SPITFIRE stands L.)

First F. (R.) In vain are all your arts to-day;
 The hundred years are past away:
 The Prince is come; he breaks the spell;
 He wins his bride, and all is well.
 And thou begone—down—down—to—

(*The speech to this place, in monotone. Recitative with soft accompaniment as before. Exit SPITFIRE, in a rage, slumping her feet, L.*

Now is the time for sport and pleasure;
 Come, let us dance a fairy measure;

Dance a measure, in and out.
 Here and there, and round about.
 Luck and joy we fairies bring,
 Dancing in a fairy ring.

(*Chorus and dance of Fairies—“Here in Cool Grot.”—Fairies dance off.*)

SCENE VII.—*The Banquet-Hall discovered as at the end of Scene III, all being asleep in their several attitudes as when the previous scene ended. Above, ROSEBUD is asleep on the couch, the old woman in her chair. A calcium light is thrown on ROSEBUD’s face. Music.*

Enter PRINCE, below, from U.E.L., he goes round and examines the figures.

Prince. Why, here’s a most uncommon go !
 It’s Mrs. Jarley’s waxwork show !
 Hallo ! you dormice ! (Pokes at them.) Nothing will waken ‘em :
 Whatever in the world has taken ‘em ?
 It’s just the same outside the house :
 The dog with a rat, and the cat with a mouse,
 Are standing just ready to make a spring :
 The very birds are asleep on the wing.
 The ducks and the hens, the cows and the sheep,
 The pigs and the turkey-cocks, all are asleep :
 The parrots in cages, the horses in stalls,
 And the flies and the wasps on the fruit-tree walls.
 These folks look alive, though—they cannot be dead :
 Dunny, wake up, or I’ll break your head !

(*Makes a movement to strike the KING, but stops suddenly.*
 No—they won’t move, the unmaunlerly bears !
 I’ll try what there is to be seen up-stairs.

(*He runs up the steps at back, and appears above. Sees the tableau in room and stands entranced—Music.*

Prince. Ah ! what vision of delight
 Bursts at last upon my sight !
 ‘Tis the very form that seemed
 Ever near me when I dreamed.
 I know those waves of golden light
 That flew about her face—’tis she !
 Love, if thy tresses are so bright,
 How bright those hidden eyes must be !

Enter PRINCE, with ROSEBUD, down stairs from the platform above.

King. (c.) Why, here comes Rosebud ! And just look ! I say, She's got a fellow. (*Leaves table and comes down.*) Who are you, sir, eh ?

Prince. (l.c.) Ha ! found your tongue at last. It was my hap, sir, Just now to catch you in a very sound nap, sir.

King. We have been napping, then ?

Duch. (r.c.) Indeed not I, sir !

Chan. (l.) Nor I, assuredly.

Queen. (r.c.) Don't tell a lie, sir !

Prince. Manners ! And listen, now that you're awake : This is your daughter, if I don't mistake ; And I would have you plainly understand That here I offer her my heart and hand.

King. (To QUEEN.) He seems a decent fellow. What d'ye think, dear ?

Queen. It all depends upon his rank and chink, dear.

(To PRINCE, l.c.) Who are you ? How much can you settle on her ?

Prince. I am a real Prince, upon my honor.

Queen. What think you, Duchess ? (To DUCHESS, r.c.)

Duch. Pray be cautious, madam.

You see, we don't know this young man from Adam.

Chan. I think he ought, before the thing proceeds, To show his pedigree and title deeds.

Prince. Stuff ! I don't carry such things in my pocket. Grave sir, it strikes me you're a precious blockhead.

Duch. What dreadful language !

Queen. I don't like his look.

He's an adventurer,

King. Hang him with the Cook !

(CHANCELLOR approaches him with a rope.)

Enter six FAIRIES, from r., and SPITFIRE, from l. ; she stands in the background.

First F. (s.) Hang my Prince ? A pretty story ! King and Queen, behold before ye Him of whom I spoke, you know, More than a hundred years ago.

(The rest of the speech spoken in monotone, with accompaniment, ppp., as above.)

In a silent trance and deep You have slept a wondrous sleep. Years on years have o'er you rolled, Yet sweet Rosebud grew not old.

See her young, and fresh, and bright,
 As though she had slept but a single night.
 Here is the Prince that broke the spell :
 Give him his bride, and all is well.

King. Can all these things have happened as you say ?
 What ! have we slept a hundred years away ?

Queen. It's like a fairy tale.

First F. "Tis strange, but true

King. As for the youth--being introduced by you,
 We can no longer feel the least objection :
 Your patronage ensures his high connection.

First F. But what says Rosebud ? She may answer "No ;"
 In these days ladies have their rights, you know !

Prince. Speak then, my love. Am I the chap to suit ye ?

Rose. (L.C.) Oh, yes, dear Prince ; you are a perfect beauty.
 When you awoke me, I was quite enchanted :
 Indeed, you're just the fellow that I wanted.

(SPITFIRE comes forward.)

Queen. But, King, just look ! There's Spitfire in the room :
 She'll spoil all with some dreadful words of doom.

Spit. (L.) Fear not—I'm mischievous no longer ;
 I was strong, but she was stronger.

Now I've neither will nor power

To avert this blissful hour.

I own I was horribly angry at first ;
 But my temper improved when it got to the worst.

I've had a regular cry in the wood,

And a fit of hysterics that did me good.

I'm beginning to find that spite won't pay :

So let them be married--or hanged, as they may ;

Prince. Upon my word, I quite admire that lady ;
 Her sentiments are anything but shady !

Pray, ma'am, excuse a shortish invitation,

And deign to grace our marriage celebration.

Rose. Pray do.

King. And drown in drinking and in eating
 The memory of our last unpleasant meeting.

Queen. I'm sure she'll come.

Duch. She'll come.

First F. (R.) Yes, she'll be present.
 There's an end now to everything unpleasant.

(Fairies shake hands with SPITFIRE, and retire to their several
 places.)

And so the fairies all their influence blending
 To bring this story to a happy ending,
 Let's hope that, after every nap you take,
 Morning like this may dawn when you awake.

*Prince. (Coming forward with ROSEBUD.) And you, kind friends
who patiently to-day
Have listened to our little Christmas play,
We wish you heartily the best of cheer,
And many a happy Christmas and New Year !*

Song and Chorus—“Old King Cole.”—repeated.

Disposition of Characters.

| Page. | Lord. | Cook. | Page. |
|--------------|--|-------|----------------|
| Beefeater. | | | Beefeater. |
| SIX FAIRIES. | DUCH. L.C. QUEEN. C. KING. C. PRINCE. L.C. ROSE. | | CHAN. L. SONG. |

CUSTARD.

SONG.—“Fifteen Years have Passed Away.”

Recit. *ad lib.* 1ST FAIRY.

Fif-teen years have passed away: Is not this the fa-ted day?
co-la voce.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

1ST FAIRY.
agitato $\text{J}=116$.

Yes, it is the fa-ted day. See! a feast prepared to
tempo. *marcato.*

accel.

night. Let them taste a short de-light,

*ritard.**misterioso.*

Heed-less of the fa-rie's warning; Sleep will come be-

ritard.

CHORUS. 1ST FAIRY.

fore the morning! Sleep will come, Sleep like death, Sleep will come,
arpagg. arpegg.

CHORUS.

1ST FAIRY & CHORUS.

Sleep like death be - fere the morning. rall. ad lib.

rallentando. pp dim. pp

Recit.

1ST FAIRY.

(Enter Spitfire. L.U.E) Ah! ah! she comes! The fu - ries take her!

ff

CHORUS. tempo.

Hence, hence, avaunt, thou mischief maker! Hence, hence! avaunt, thou

fff fff

1ST FAIRY. *Recit. ad lib.*

CHORUS OF FAIRIES. *Tempo* =76.

SONG AND CHO.—“Now, my Lords and Ladies.”

J=144. KING.

TUNE : "Three Jolly Post Boys."

Now, lords and la - dies, let us eat like dra - gons.

f

QUEEN.

A musical score for a three-part vocal arrangement. The top part is in soprano C major, the middle part in alto F major, and the bottom part in bass G major. The lyrics 'Now, lords and ladies, let us eat like dragons.' are written below the top staff. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

CHORUS.

And let's be de-ter-min-ed, And let's be de-ter-min-ed,
 And let's be de-ter-min-ed to push a-bout the fla-gons.

SONG AND CHO.—"Old King Cole."

J=126.

Long pause.

Traditional.

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, and a
 Colla voce.

ad lib.

mer-ry old soul was he. He called for his pipe, and he
 colla voce.

called for his bowl, and he called for his fiddlers three! Every fiddler

had a fiddle, and a ve-ry fine fid-dle had he.

rall. ad lib.

tempo.

Fiddle-diddle-dee went the fiddlers, fiddle-diddle-dee, Fiddle-diddle dee,

p cres.

fiddle-diddle-dee! For there's none so rare as can compare with the

f f

S: CHORUS. *

Sons of Har - mo - ny, For there's none so rare as
 S: *
 ff

rall. ad lib.

D.S.

ean com - pare with the Sons of Har - mo - ny!
 colla voce. D.S.

1ST FAIRY.

Recit. ad lib.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES. *tempo.*

Yes, floor'd at last! thou mischief maker! Floor'd, floor'd at last, thou

ff ad lib.

mis - chief ma - ker! Thou mischief maker! Thou mischief ma - ker!

* At this point the Chorus suddenly ceases, and recommences at "the awakening," when it should be sung to the end and repeated from S:

T H E P R I N C E S S .

T H E P R I N C E S S .

—10—

D E A M A T I S P E R S O N A .

THE PRINCE.

FLORIAN, } Friends of the PRINCE.

CYRIL,

KING OLAF, (Father of the PRINCE.

KING GAMA, (Father of the PRINCESS.

HOST.

IDA, (The Princess.

BLANCHE, } Young Widows and Professor.

PSYCHE,

MELISSA, (BLANCHE'S Daughter.

Four Proctresses, Lictors, Ladies, Soldiers, &c.

C O S T U M E S .

The Prince, Florian, and Cyril.—In fashionable modern costume, all of various colors. Second dresses: Female one, loose, to put over on stage.

King Olaf.—An outre officers' uniform, high feather.

King Gama.—The same, but of another color—grotesque.

Host.—Publicans' costume, white apron.

Ida, Blanche, Psyche, and Melissa.—Fashionably dressed—wearing over their dresses bright colored gowns and hoods, also colored trencher caps.

Two Female Lictors.—In Roman costume, with fasces.

Four Proctresses and four Ladies of the University.—Various colored academical costumes over their fashionable ladies dresses.

Soldiers.—Blue and red coats, mixed; spears and guns.

P R O P E R T I E S .

SCENE I.—Miniature of a lady in a case. A decanter and four wine glasses on a tray. Basket behind flat, containing articles of female wearing apparel to fit three men.

SCENE II.—On a dias, c. of stage, are three chairs, the centre one higher than the other two. A chair R. and L., one each side of the dias. At S.E.R. a table, with pens, paper, inkstand and large book upon it. Other chairs R. and L. A black-board on an easel, up stage, L.C. On the board the figure of Euclid I. 5. is drawn in chalk. A small rod for PSYCHE. A screen up stage, R.C. Two Roman fasces for two female Lictors. A piece of chalk.

SCENE III.—Nil.

SCENE IV.—Plants placed about the stage. On one side a garden seat on. On the other a bank. Flagons, goblets (small ones), and cigars to be brought on on salvers. Matches for lighting cigars. All the ladies have girdles with small daggers attached.

SCENE V.—Nil.

SCENE VI.—The stage set the same as it was at the opening of Scene II. Manacles for PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL. Spears and guns for Soldiers.

SCENES.

SCENE I.—A Front Landscape, with an Inn painted L. of scene.

SCENE II.—A Large Hall, with supporting columns in third grooves, backed by interior of similar architectural design. An archway opening U.E.L.

SCENE III.—A Front Garden.

SCENE IV.—A Back Garden. Cut trees, plants.

SCENE V.—A Front Garden, as before.

SCENE VI.—Same as Scene II.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE PRINCESS.

Overture..... "Tancrede"..... Rossini.

SCENE I.—*A Front Landscape, before a hostelry. The Inn is painted on the Scene. Music.*

Enter PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL, laughing, from R.

Prince. (L.) Florian and Cyril, my right trusty friends,
At length, methinks, our long, long journey ends.
Yonder is Paradise : its towers I see,
Where she—my Ida—shuns the world and me.
And shall I see her? Will her heart relent?
If not, like Patience on a monument,
And with a melancholy green and yellow—

Florian. (a.) Shut up, you most absurdly spooney fellow!
What is the use of going on like that?

But for your prinesship, I should call you "flat!"

Cyril. (a.) Moon and cooling like a stupid dove!

Prince. Ah! friends, you know not what it is to love!

(Crosses to a.

Flor. (L.) Love what? A pig-in-a-poke! The bare idea!
Before I loved a girl, I'd like to see her.

Prince. (c.) Have I not seen her? Yes; by night and day,
In dreams and visions: and her picture—eh?
Have I not got her picture? Guze, thou sceptic!

(He takes a miniature from his bosom and shoves it.

Flor. Pretty enough ; but more or less dyspeptic.
And then, you know, court painters always flatter !

Cyril. To me she looks quite mad—mad as a hatter !
And proud as Lucifer. She'll comb your locks !
She's got a temper !

Prince. Peace ! irreverent blocks !
She is perfection, sirs, from top to toe.
Oh, Ida, Ida ! Lovely Ida, oh !

Flor. Well, it appears you cannot do without her ;
So let us lose no time, but ask about her.
Here is a public—let me call the host ;
Of all folks here, he's sure to know the most.

(*FLORIAN and CYRIL knock at the door of the hostelry.* — *The PRINCE walks about distractly, R.*

Flor. and *Cyril.* What ho !—within there ! Host, host, host, come out !

Enter Host, from L. *in flat, L.*

Host. (At door.) What in the world is all this row about ?
Your servant, gentlemen.

Flor. Good host, look handy,
And fetch this gentleman a glass of brandy.

(*Exit Host; and returns with bottle and glass instantly.*
Host. (R.C.) Here's the right stuff. (To *PRINCE*.) Do take a drop, my lad !

It grieves my heart to see you look so bad.

(*PRINCE waves away the glass; then takes it, sighs deeply, and drinks, R.*

Is the poor gen'man giv to this sort o' fit ?

Flor. (L.) He'll soon be right : let's think or talk a bit.
Host, we are told that in the neighboring wood
This land's fair Princess, with a sisterhood
Of learned ladies, wonderfully blue,
Devotes her life to study. Is it true ?

Host. True ? I believe you, boy ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
I never heerd of such a rummy go !
Why, sir, she's left the court, its feasts and dances,
Full of the most extraordinary fancies—
Of women's rights, forsooth, and women's wrong,
And how that men had kept them down too long,
And how they only needed eddication,
To be top-sawyers of the whole creation.
And so she's founded, in this forest lonely,
A university for ladies only !

(*Obstreperous laughter.*)
Cyril. (L.C.) Well, host, to tell the truth, we've come to try
To see this lady.

Host. Do you wish to die ?
I tell you no male thing may show its nose

(*Shakes his head.*)

Within three miles : she'll gibbet you like crows !
 I saw her once—just like a stately column :
 It froze my blood, she looked so awful solemn.

Prince. I see her now—like Pallas from the sky.
 Friends, let us go—see her but once, and die !

Flor. Not just yet, thank you ! Host, to tell the truth,
 This is a Northern Princess, betrothed in youth,
 To her, your Princess ; and, whate'er you say,
 See her we must.

Prince. Love will find out a way.

Host. Nay, but your throats whence, good gentlemen,
 But faces not leashed tigers in their den ?

Cyril. But who are with her ? Who protect the maid,
 And sciences ?

Host. Two Mistresses of Hearts,
 The Ladies Blanche and Psyché.

Flor. Psyche ?—oh !

My sister, who was wed three years ago
 To some nob here ?

Host. Death has of him bereft her,
 But, to make up for such a loss, he's left her
 Three castles, and I don't know what in stocks.

Cyril. Oh, now my heart against my bosom knocks !
 We must get on, we must ! I've long been hard up,
 But never hoped to turn such a trump card up.
 Florian, I love your sister to distraction !

Flor. What, do you know her ?

Cyril. No more words, but action !

It must be managed some way. (He walks about, musing.) Boys,
 I've hit it !

Let's dress like girls, and try to get admitted
 As freshmen—no, freshwomen—in their college.

Prince. I fear we're rusty in our classic knowledge ;
 They're sure to pluck us for matriculation.

Cyril. Bosh ! I'll pass any girl's examination ;

Ama, amas, amabo ; what but that ?

So now, old host, you great unwieldy fat

Beer-barrel, move your lazy paunch about,

Fetch your old wife, and let her rig us out

In dress-improvers, folderols and things.

Flor. Dirt-sweeping trains, and necklaces, and rings.

(Some business.)

Prince. And braided locks, and fragrant wreaths of roses.

(The same.)

Cyril. And high-heeled boots, to tip us on our noses.

Prince. And belts with amber studs, and golden clasps.

Cyril. And stays to squeegle us in two, like wasps.

(Exit Host, laughing, into Inn.

Flor. In fact, we want to look like the three Graces.

Cyril. And we'll put on such pretty simpering faces.

All. Yes; such pretty simpering faces—such pretty simpering faces!

(All laugh.)

Re-enter Host, laughing, from the Inn, carrying a basket containing articles of female dress.

Prince. Prepare us supper, quick; to which we'll come anon, When for masquerading tricks we'll put these clothes on!

(They laugh.) *Exit Host, into Inn, L.* *PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL* put on the dresses any-way: then sing, dancing grotesquely between the verses.

SONG.

Florian.

We are the three sweet Graces,
With our pretty simpering faces;
As thus we turn and twist us,
No heart can e'er resist us,
The three Parisian Graces,
With our pretty simpering faces.

(They dance and run the hay.)

Prince.

Those Graces poets praise, sir,
Might do in those old days, sir;
But very scant and queer
Would their dresses now appear:
Oh, they dare not show their faces
Among fashionable Graces!

(Dance repeated, as above.)

Cyril.

But with bustles sticking out, sir,
An with waists a span about, sir,
And with skirts so tight and small, sir,
We can hardly go at all, sir,
Oh, we are the three Graces,
With our pretty simpering faces.

(Breakdown, and dance off. L.)

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Ladies' University. An archway opening, U.E.L. A dias, c., at back. At R. of the stage a table, with pens, inkstand, and a large book upon it. A screen behind table, R.C. A blackboard on easel, L.C. at back.*

On the dias, IDA, C., BLANCHE, R.C., and PSYCHE, L.C., discovered seated, fashionably dressed, and wearing over their dresses bright-colored gowns and hoods; also trencher caps. On each side of the dias two Proctresses, seated, also with colored academical costume over their ladies' dresses. Other ladies of the University on each side of the hall, in variously-colored academical costumes. Behind IDA's chair, or elsewhere, two female Lictors, carrying ancient Roman fuses.

Enter a MISTRESS OF ARTS, from U.E.L.

Mistress of Arts. Mrs. Warden and Proctresses, I am desired
To say that three ladies from the Northern parts,
Having complied with all conditions by the University required,
Pray to be admitted students in the faculty of Arts.

Ida. (c.) *Placetne vobis, dominse Doctores? Placetne vobis,*
Magistræ?

Omnes. (Answer.) *Placet.*

MISTRESS OF ARTS exits U.E.L., and ushers in *PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL*, dressed as girls, followed by a *BEDEL*. *The three men range L.C.*

Ida. Dear fellow-sufferers from the tyranny
Of men, miscalled our lords, we bid you welcome.
Much we rejoice that you have burst the bonds
Of custom, and by noble rage inspired,
Seek, through high culture and philosophy,
Your true position in the scale of things.
From the far North you come, and from a court
We know of. 'Tis an idle question—but
Know ye the Prince of that benighted land?

Flor. Aye, madam, well we know him: he is one
Whom all tongues praise: and, if I may be bold
To name one thing that lifts him far above
The common herd of men—he worships you,
Raves for his Ida, babbles of her love
In most admired distraction.

Ida. (Extends her arm deprecatingly.) Peace, vain fool!
We little thought in our own halls to hear
Such barren verbiage. As an antidote,

Good Lady Proctor, let them hear the statutes !

Procloress. (Reading from a book on table, &c., in a masculine voice.) All ladies on their entrance shall subscribe to these conditions : First, to keep their terms three years at least ; Second, to see no man in all that time, nor correspond with any ; Third, to peruse no novels about love, Nor sing love songs ; Fourth, to forsake with scorn unintellectual employments, such as Knitting, embroidery, mending, stitching, darning—Drudgery only fit for stupid boys—

Prince. Enough, we'll sign them all, and ask no questions.

Flor. (Aside to Prince.) No fear of our transgressing that last clause.

(They cross to R.C., sign the statutes, and then back to L.C.)

Prince. Thus signing, have we entered Paradise.

Cyril. (Aside.) I wish we were well out of it.

Ida. We'll now Test your acquirements. Learned Professor Psyche,

Try them in metaphysics.

Psyche. (Seated L.C. of dais.) Pray define Subject and object.

Cyril. (Aside.) That's a stumper !

Prince. Subject Denotes a man's relation to his wife,
Her object being to keep him always so.

Cyril. (Aside to Prince.) It's just like riddles ; not a bit like lessons.

Blan. I'll try you next in Latin. Say a verb.

Prince. Amo, I love.

Flor. Amas, thou lovest.

Cyril. Amat, he loves.

Prince. Amamus, we love.

Flor. Amatis, do ye love ?

(Turning to the ladies.)

Prince, Flor. and Cyril.

Amabant, they will love.

Blan. (R.C. of dais.) Well conjugated : but the word ill-chosen : Amo is banished from our accidente.

Flor. I fear it will get in again : you cannot get rid of such an old familiar word.

Psyche. And now, for mathematics. What's a circle ?

Flor. A circle's that in which a lady argues.

Ida. Good ! for a circle's the most perfect form.

Psyche. A point ?

Cyril. (Coughs.) That's what the lady never sees.

Ida. True : for a point is that which hath no parts, And therefore can't be seen. Your views are sound : Not like the book quite, but original.

And therefore lifting best our soaring souls,
That scorn the beaten tracks laid down by man.
These are your fellow-students, girls, attired,
Not as mere men would dress them, like black crows,
But with a view to taste and harmony,
Instructively symbolical, suggestive
Of cosmic chords. You will be robed in green,
Being fresh, and therefore verdant.

Blan. (Giving them caps and gowns.) Take your robes,
Which you'll arrange before the looking-glass
Becomingly; but not before you've heard
The lecturer on *Comical aesthetics*.

Ida. Girls, form yourselves in class: Professor Psyche
Will lecture on the *Higher Mathematics*.

(A blackboard on an easel is brought forward, l.c.; on the board
the figure of Euclid I. 5. is drawn in chalk to which Psyche
points with a rod or her fan.)

Psyche. My pupils here behold before 'em
The Donkey's Bridge, *Pons Asinorum*—
So called by men, since never yet
Across it could the ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~young~~ ^{young}
But we ~~will~~ ^{will} pursue
A course entirely new:
Instead of ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~young~~ ^{young} long,
Which may be right, or may be wrong,
We'll jump straight with a song.

(They all rise—Round, to the tune of "Three Blind Mice." Ida,
BLANCHE, and PSYCHE take the first part; two groups of
should take the second and third parts.)

I. { *Ida, Blan., and Psyche.*—
Don't you see? Don't you see? Don't you see?
Second and Third Groups.—
Yes, we see! Yes, we see! Yes, we see!

II. { *A.B.C., P.E.B., G.B.C.*

III. { The thing is as plain as the nose on your face;
So over the bridge at a galloping pace:
You donkeys of men, we are winning the race. For—
(A bell rings, off v.v.t.)

Ida. Hark to the chapel-bell: proceed in order,
The Bedel first, the students two and two.

(Music. *Procession, led by the Bedel, then two Proctoresses, one Ida, Psyche, Ida, Blanche, Ladies, two Proctoresses. Priests, Faculties, and others go last.*)

Flor. Let's stay behind : we'll say we lost our way.
Why, this is better than a Christmas play !

Cyril. Those doctors ! Oh, to hear those doctors spout !
I almost spoilt it all by laughing out.

Prince. What genius they displayed ! Alas, that she
Should be so 'cute : she'll scorch a dunce like me.

Flor. For me, one thought completely overthrew me ;
I'm almost sure my sister Psyche knew me.

Cyril. Florian, your sister is a stunning lass.

Flor. But, if she did, we're in a pretty pass.

Cyril. Oh, we'll get out of it.

Flor.

She comes !

Cyril.

My eye !

Re-enter PSYCHE, hurriedly, U.E.L.

Psyche. Florian ?

Flor. Psyche !

Psyche. (L.C.)

Is it you ?

Flor. (a.)

It's I.

Psyche. But who are these ?

Flor.

This is the Prince.

Psyche.

And he ?

Flor. Cyril, my friend.

Psyche. Oh ! goodness gracious me !

And gracious goodness you !

Death, daggers, guns, and fury ! it's a pretty how-d'y'e do !

What is it all about ?

Do cut your sticks before she finds you out !

Prince. (R.C.) What ? leave the blue-eyed maid Athene ? No,
she's my toy !

Flor. In for a penny, in for a pound, old boy !

Psyche. It is no time for joking : if you stay,
I must inform without delay.

Flor. What then ? Don't take away our breath !

Enter MELISSA, U.E.L.; seeing PSYCHE, she quickly crosses behind to R.,
and hides behind screen.

Psyche. That will leave you when you're adjudged to death !

Flor. Lackaday ! You'll spare a brother's life.

Psyche. Medea slew
Her children !

Cyril. (To FLORIAN.) This fraternal dodge won't do :
I'll try—to me no girl can make resistance—
Bewitching Doctor !

Psyche. (Waves him back.) Sirrah, keep your distance !

What ! think ye still, by tricks of male flirtation,

To circumvent the sovereign's of creation ?

Prince. Sovereigns, methinks, should be compassionate.

Psyche. To sneaking wolves disguised ? No ! sure as fate
I will delate you ; all compassion smother,
Like Roman matron, or like Spartan mother.
My vow requires it.

Prince. But you broke it when
You first addressed us, knowing us for men.

Psyche. I care not—I'll delate you—you must die !

Flor. Yes, gentle sister : hang us on high,
Strangled in ladies' garters : if you choose,
Stab us with hair-pins ; or with high-heeled shoes
Hammer our brains out : bury us, when dead,
In your rose-garden : write above my head,
"Here lies a brother, whom a sister slew,
Because she'd grown so mercilessly blue."

(*PSYCHE walks about, alternately clenching her hand and putting her handkerchief to her eyes, i.e. Suddenly she rushes to FLORIAN and throws her arms about his neck.*)

Psyche. Florian, my brother !

(*MELISSA comes from behind screen, and down, n.c.* Ah ! ah !

Melissa.

Psyche.

Melissa, little wretch !

Are you eavesdropping ?

Melis. Oh, I came to fetch

A book, and so I hid behind the screen ;
You seemed so angry.

Psyche. Then you've heard and seen,
And you will tell your mother.

Melis. Oh, no, no !

Not for the world !

Psyche. She'll pump it from you, though.

(*She turns to FLORIAN, leaving MELISSA in tears.* I wish to screen you ; but this little brat
Has a mamma who is a regular cat :
The Lady Blanche—you saw her ?

Prince. What the dickens !
I thought you were a nest of doves or chickens,
And yet you call your colleague cat !

Psyche. I hate her,
A sneaking, scheming, superficial prater.
The head she toadies, and has ever tried
To get those muffs of students on her side.
She'll find it out, and ruin us.

Prince. I'm sure

Melissa won't tell tales.

(*Stroking MELISSA's head and wheedling her—they exclaim U.N.C.*

Psyche. Ah, ah ! She looks demure ;

But I don't like the looks of things, that's sure.
For, I don't trust her. Cut at once, and run!

Flor. Oh, no ! we cannot leave such awful fun.
Do let us stay, and see what morning brings.

Psyche. No, no ! You'll rue it.
You hadn't oughter come to do it !

Cyril. Hum ! hump ! They're sleek as pussy cats just now, I vow !
Soon they'll purr, and sing, and claw, (Imitates cat) and go like any how. (Follows out, U.E.R.)

SCENE III.—A Front Garden.

Enter BLANCHE and MELISSA, from R.

Blan. (L.) When you were there, when Psyche, yesterday, Was closeted with those three creatures—eh ?

Melis. (L.) I was, blushing. Oh, dear !

Blan. What secrets did you hear ?

Melis. Nothing to speak of.

Blan. Tell the truth, my dear.

I'm sure there's something wrong about the louts ; Girls !—more like men ! You blushing ! I have my doubts That they are men, and that you know it.

Melis. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Hush ! here they come ! I'll go !

Blan. Well, time will show, (Runs off, L.) And if they're men—why, ha, presto ! I'll soon know ! (Retires R.)

Enter Ladies of the University, walking two-and-two, from R., then *IDA* with the PRINCE, *PSYCHE* with *CYRIL*. They all exult L. *FLORIAN* follows along. *BLANCHE* rushes to him.

Blan. (R.C.) Interesting friend,
This hour of recreation, well may lend
Occasion for an interchange of soul.
Between us : as magnetic pole to pole
I feel drawn towards you.

Flor. Oh, you are too kind.

(*BLANCHE* and *FLORIAN* pass out L.)

SCENE IV.—*A Back Garden.* Plants placed about the stage. A garden seat on one side, a bank on the other.

Procession repeated, BLANCHE and FLORIAN bringing up the rear, from the top. Music. IDA and the PRINCE come to the front.

IDA. (n.c.) Yes, without doubt, our sex is more refined, More tender, more instinctively acute, Farther removed above the state of brute With which our race began; in fact designed For rule, man being to us as master is to mind.

PRINCE. (s.w.b.) Your arguments convince me. Yet, you see, Men must have some place in the world to be.

IDA. Yes, we shall want them: not to sweep like gables, But do our hats, dress stockings, nurse the babies, Transcribe our works, run errands, parcels carry, Or some of us, perchance, might wish to marry.

PRINCE. Then see the question pop?

IDA. *Distinctly no.*

PRINCE. Will they be able to refuse?

IDA. *Oh, no!*

PRINCE. Delightful prospect, which would all come true, Were all the ladies in the world like you!

(They exit. R. & L. RE-ENTER U. & R. BLANCHE and FLORIAN come to the front.

BLAN. No, don't trust Psyche: she's a hollow sham, Though plausible—not gifted, as I am, To sound the deep abysses of consciousness. (Watches PSYCHE.)

FLOR. Your learning quite astounds me, I confess.

(RE-ENTER U. & R. RE-ENTER U. & L. PRINCE and CYRIL come to the front.)

PSYCHE. She's watching us: (Psyche Rises—the girls end) don't stride so like a man: Do as the other girls do, if you can!

CYRIL. Then I squat put my arm about your waist: These fondling ways of girls quite suit my taste.

PSYCHE. Dreadful! But I suppose you must. What folly You have committed!

CYRIL. Well, it may be folly!

It let's us know we live, and—ain't it jolly?

(They go up stage. IDA and PRINCE come again to the front.)

PRINCE. I think I see it all—suppose we act A scene for fun? Imagine me, in fact, Some man you choose to wed.

Ida. I'd simply say,
"Sir, if your dear mamma consents, you may
Be blest beyond your hopes : it is my pleasure
To marry you." Then, happy above measure,
My future slave would kiss my well-gloved hand.

Prince. What thus?—and thus?—and thus?—I understand.

(Kissing her hand rapturously.)

Ida. Oh, ain't you boisterous? Do, pray, have done!

Prince. Getting my hand in love, you know, just for fun!

Ida. Why, chit, you act as if the thing were real
Instead of a mere ridiculous ideal:

Prince. And it's like the real thing, or, you bet, I'd squeal!

Ida. You must be used to acting, pet? *(Impatient.)* Come,
keep it up!

Make love like one in earnest, you young pup!

(They go up stage.) BLANCHE and FLORIAN come to the front.

Blan. How those two

Are going on! I'm quite amazed—aren't you?

Flor. Acting love scenes, I think. Are you inclined
To try one too, just to unbend the mind?

Blan. Young person, know your place!

Flor. I beg your pardon.
Let's take another turn around—your waist and—the garden.

(They go up stage.)

Ida. *(Standing on the bank.)* Ladies, we have peripatized enough
For recreating the corporeal stuff

In which the mind resides. We'll now recline,

Feasting our souls with music and with wine,

And let that sedative for brains o'erwrought,

By men too long monopolised, be brought.

(They all sit or recline on the stage, so as to form a semicircle.)

Ida, c. Flagons, etc., brought in, and cigars, which are
handed round. *The Ladies drink and light their cigars.*

Ida. What makes you sad? I fear you cannot smoke yet.

Oryl. Oh, yes, we can.

Like chimney-pots! *(Takes cigar.)* Don't mind—thank'ee, dear!
(Lights and smokes.) It smokes first-rate. Is it a Havannah clear?

Prince. *(Aside.)* Don't! She'll twig you are a man.

Ida. And can you fence? Are you crack pistol-shots?

Good rifle-women? Sad that fate allots

Such arms to our soft hands, my gentle friends;

But, if we must fight ere the struggle ends

For freedom and for sovereignty, we must:

Yea, though ten thousand warriors bite the dust.

Blan. So in the days to come the strong male hand

Shall fight our battles; we the hosts command,

And on some height, like goddesses of war,

Smiling survey the carnage from afar.

Prince. Your sentiments are very fine, no doubt ;
But, I confess, they turn me inside out.

Cyril. But oh, what fun to see the whiskered faces
Of swell Life-Guardsmen, with their airs and graces,
Reduced to privates, while some lady bawls
Her shrill "Attention!" to the humbled fellows !

Ida. We'll bring them all down to their proper station.
But now, to pass this hour of recreation,
Let's soothe our souls with song : no wandering lays,
But something warlike : sing the *Marseillaise*.

(*"La Marseillaise"* sung. At the words, "Marchons, marchons," they rise, brandish their daggers, and march forward, round the stage, and then again sit down.

Cyril. (Drinking.) Hurrah, my lads ! Stand up and fill your glasses,

To drink the health of these sweet warlike lasses.

Blan. "My lads?" and "drink our healths?" Why, what means this ?

Cyril. Oh, dear ! I quite forgot I was a miss,
I felt so roused by that blood-thirsty chorus.

Prince. (Aside.) Cyril, keep still ! You're getting drunk—don't

floor us,

(To *Ida*.) It is a Northern custom, now and then,
For girls, in sport, to act the parts of men.

Blan. Indeed ! Rather improper, I should say.
And do your men ever act ladies, pray ?

Ida. Don't tease them, Blanche. I like these girls of spirit.

Psyche. (To *Prince*.) You speak the truth, my dear : our girls inherit

The spirit of the Vikings of old time.

Ida. Ha ! sing us, then, some old heroic rhyme.

Cyril. Oh, yes ! A song to make your fringes bristle.
But first, another draught to wet my whistle.

(*He drinks, and then sings.*

SONG.

From The "Tempest."

"The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Mangery,
But none of us cared for Kate :
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang,'
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !"

(As the song progresses, all the ladies appear to be more and more astonished, and exchange glances with each other.

Prince. (Rising angrily.) Cyril, upon my word, this is too bad. You are not in a ~~temper~~ now, my lad.

Is that a song for ladies' ears, you lout?

(Striking him)

Blanche. They're men, they're men, they're men! the murderer's out!

And—Psyche knew it all the time. Oh! oh!

(Exit anywhere up stage. All the other ladies, except Ida, are

Psyche, fly into confusion.

Ida. What! are the cowards fled? Well, let them go. We well can deal with these three things alone.

Ho! Lictors, enter!

Enter Lictors, U.D.L.

Ida. Let these dogs be thrown
Into a dungeon, without food or fire;
Send to the village for their malefactors.
To-morrow, early, we will sit in state,
And doom them to their miserable fate.

(Enter PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL, guarded by Lictors, the
latter singing the Marseillaise, off U.D.L. Ida follows with
her dagger drawn; Psyche weeping.

Scene V.—The French Garden.

Procession—all the Ladies of the University enter from L., with the men in custody of Lictors, Ida last but one, Psyche last, weeping. They continue "The Marseillaise"—piano, till change of Scene, increasing to forte, till on.

Ida. Silence! Stop this disgraceful row!
You march to death, and not to victory now!

(They leave off singing.)

Ladies, it is our painful duty to enforce
The laws of Draco... which are ours. We must,
Crush out at once these worms, whose wriggling existence
Would blight the tree of our prodigious purpose.

Psyche. Let us be merciful.

Ida. Ha! Merciful.
Say you, my Lady Psyche? Much we fear
That you yourself are not exempt from blame;
Nor even you, my Lady Blanche.

Blan.

Good gracious!

I? Then that viper *Pagebo* must have crammed
Your ears with lies.

Ida. Peace! Bring the prisoners on.

(They all march off *ad lib.* in the same order as the entrance, the
men singing "The Marseillaise." They are discovered in
the next Scene in male apparel. A quick change.

Scene VI.—Same as Scene II.

All discovered—the characters are arranged as at the opening of Scene
II. The three men are manacled.

Ida. Prisoners, your crime confess; there is no need
Of legal forms: yet, being merciful,
We grant you speech, if ye have aught to say
In mitigation of deserved doom.

Prince. Princess, or Very Reverend Doctress—
How shall I call you?—hear my simple plea.
I was betrothed to you in youth; you broke
Your contract; I, meanwhile, was mad with love
For you, unseen as yet; one only way
Remained to see you; being seen, your presence
Quite overtopped my most impassioned dreams.
Spare us, and we will live your satellites,
Aiding your grand designs; which I admire,
Though my male intellect is all at fault
To comprehend them.

Ida. Thus I answer you:
You have done well, and like a gentleman,
And like a prince! You wasps in our good hive!
Well have you done, and like a gentleman!
I wed with thee? No, not though all the gold
That veins the world were packed to make your crown.
I trample on your offers, and on you:
Your presence and your suit are hateful to me.
How say you, ladies? Is there any cause
Why these three caterpillars should not die?

Psyche. Madam, I must confess to a revulsion
Of feeling, and would vote for mere expulsion.

Blan. Expulsion? Yes! and you, of course, will go.
In the same boat—for Cyril's sake, you know.
Poor boy, he'll feel so anxious for your pardon,
After that sad flirtation in the garden.

Ida. Ladies, what do I hear?

Psyche. You hear a viper,
Who knew all, and wants me to pay the piper.

Blan. I knew? How so?

Psyche. That little tell-tale-tit,
Melissa, peached.

Melis. (R.C.) I'm not to blame a bit.
I heard you, but I did not tell mamma.

Prince. I'm sure Melissa's not to blame.

Cyril. Hurrah!

Our prospects brighten, now these gentle Graces
Stick their sweet claws into each other's faces.
You'd better give it up; you're sure to squabble:
Your edifice already seems to wobble.

Blan. Why, what buffoon is this, dear Psyche?—bless him!—
Pray, madam, spare him for her sake, and dress him
In cap and bells, that, when our studies bore us,
He may be called to play the fool before us.

Flor. One word, fair Princess. Though your heart be steeled,
Through shallow theory and a wild ambition,
To all your sex's native tenderness,
Yet count the cost. His Highness has a father—
Olaf, the King—no Southern weakling he;
Nor will he stint revenge, should murder crown
(Allow plain-spoken words) your broken vow!

Ida. Ha! sir, you think us cowards: nay, I, too,
Am royal. Let the Northern ruffian come!
There are those who will fight for us: if not, why so—
We, too, can kill or die.

Prince. Florian, no more!
I have no right to live, if Ida wills
My death: yet, oh, sweet sovereign of my fate!
Pardon my vain presumption ere I die.

Flor. She melts at last.

Cyril. Not she! (Trumpets outside.)

Ida. Ha! what rude blare
Is this that frights our classic glades, and stays
The hand of Justice in her even course?

Enter KING OLAF and KING GAMA, U.E.L., with soldiers, who range at back.

Olaf. Where is my son? (To PRINCE, L.C.) What, safe and sound! That's lucky!

Off with these manacles!

Gama. (To Ida, R.C.) Hallo! my ducky,
What in the name of Fortune are you after?
Your pranks are getting past a case for laughter.

Ida. You, too, papa? Have done! Little, but I'm stronger,
And your all proud and powerful daughter!

Gama. When you broke off the match
 With this young man, who was a regular catch,
 That nearly drove me mad. But then you coaxed me ;
 (To company.) The little slyboots, I half think she hoaxed me.
 Then with your college, too, I was content :
 I've not the least idea what it meant :
 But "give a gal rope enough," and, I'll trow—
 But I think you know the rest though, anyhow !
 At first it seemed a harmless joke ; but then to kill a prince !
 That's past all fun, you know ; it well may make me wince :
 I dreamt not then of your running such a rig,
 And I won't join you now in so wild a jig.

Olaf. I'll tell you—this love-stricken fool slipped away,
 Without my permission, to bring you to bay.
 I feared the result, so I mustered my small army,
 And followed on, to find out how to charm ye.
 When I arrived, and the situation to my knowledge came,
 I vowed I'd blow up your silly college game !
 So I my cannon planted, when just in the nick,
 Up comes your dad, in time—a regular brick !
 Says I, "Will you fight?" "No," says he, "not a bit on't ;
 My daughter's engaged, and she shall not quit on't."
 So we settled the hash o'er a gallon of beer,
 And we mean you to marry my son—do you hear ?

Ida. Indeed ! Assigned to him, in way of sale
 By two old fogies o'er a pot of ale !
 Oh, no ! You may guzzle together your "heavy wet,"
 But I'll not be hashed with any man—so get !
 Why, sirs, you treat me like an Indian squaw !
 Why are you silent, ladies ? Up guards and at 'em,
 And upon these worms your daggers draw !

Psyche. Really, to tell the truth,
 I think you might have pity on the youth.

Ida Traitor, whom once I trusted ! *Blanche*, speak you,

Blan. Defy them, madam : that's my steadfast view.

As for poor Psyche's sentimental twaddle,
 The fool's in love, and that has turned her noddle.

Flor. (Aside to *BLANCHE*) Fair Cruelty, the lightning of your
 eye

Forestaills the headsman's axe : here let me die
 Content ; unless you bid me live, to be
 The lifelong champion of your sovereignty,
 Drinking your sapience.

Blan.

Are you in earnest ?

Oh !

So earnest !

Blan. (Aside.) He adores me !

Flor.

Don't say no,

Erudite angel !

Blan. (To Ida.) On maturer thought,
Seeing that things to such a pass are brought,
It strikes me, me 'am, you might make some concession,
And take this love-sick creature in possession.

Ida. My last prop fails me : what is left me, when
My very chiefs capitulate to men ?
Well, carry out the farce, so well begun,
E'en to its bitter end.

Olaf. The game is won !
Hurrah, my boy ! (Slaps PRINCE on the shoulder, and crosses R.—To
GAMA.) Shake hands, my good old friend.

She'll have him.

Prince. Lovely Ida, is the end
So bitter ? Let me try to make it sweet.

Ida. Oh, am I on my head, or on my feet ?

(She leaves the dias and falls into his arms.)
Cyril. (To PSYCHE.) The Prince being pardoned, may I be so
bold,
As hope you may not leave me in the cold ?

Psyche. (She leaves the dias, L.C.) Well, I suppose I cannot help
it now.

But you'll obey me ?

Cyril. Thus I seal my vow.

(Kissing her hand down L.C. FLORIAN approaches BLANCHE.)
Blan. Nay, keep your place : 'tis not for men to woo
In the new scheme of things. I pity you,
And take you for my servant ; kiss my hand : (He does.)
Ah, will you ? Nay kneel.

Flor. I yield me to your sweet command.

(He kneels and kisses her hand down R.C.)
Gama. Now all's made up. Ladies, have no misgiving :
They'll prove the most obedient husbands living.

Blan. (To FLORIAN, who puts his arm around her waist.) Sir,
keep your distance. (She naps his head with her fan.)

Olaf. Ha ! my boy, you've caught it.
Bless us, how grand she looks ! Who would have thought it ?

Gama. Oh, she'll come to : he'll smooth her feathers soon :
Wait till the ending of the honeymoon.

Prince. Love will smooth everything. I have no fear
Of my fair sovereign, now her brain is clear
Of cobwebs, and her true heart beats again.
But, dearest, by your leave, since words are vain,
Let us express, in bass and treble chorus,
The blended music of the life before us.

(At the commencement of the music in the orchestra, the men and
ladies arrange themselves on opposite sides of the stage—men
R., ladies L.—soldiers at back.)

SONG.

"*Il Campanile*."—Rossetti.

Chorus of Ladies. When we ladies, in our blindness,
For a time forgot our kindness,
All a-gog for liberation,
Women's rights and 'botheration,
Oh, how sad!

Chorus of Men. When at last you shewed compassion
In the old delightful fashion,
Glad were we to own our duty
To the empire of your beauty,
Oh, how glad!

The Ladies and Men join hands and come forward, singing together.—

Now we're happy lovers singing,
To the winds all nonsense singing,
All our song is love, love, love.

Come, show your charity, come, show your charity,
By your approval of our little play.
Holiday's passing, holiday's passing,
Holiday's passing away!

Disposition of Characters.

卷之三

卷之三

Ladies

Lickors

Licors. *Ladies.*

Practicing

Prostresses

- 7 -

Mr. FLORE. Dr.

Mr. Clegg,
L.G.

OUTSTANDING

SONG.—“We are the Three Sweet Graces.”

Allegro. $\text{J}=126$.

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom four staves are for the piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is Allegro, indicated by $\text{J}=126$.

The lyrics are as follows:

we
 are the three sweet Gra - ces, With our pret - ty sim - p'ring
 fa - ces; As thus we turn and twist us, No
 heart can e'er re - sist us, Oh, the three Pa - ri - sian
 raff.

Sheet music for 'The Princess' in 2/4 time, treble clef, key of G major. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'Gra - ces, With our pret - ty sim-p'ring fa - ces.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth-note patterns.

After 3d verse.

Continuation of the musical score for 'The Princess' in 2/4 time, treble clef, key of G major. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

SONG.—"The Master, the Swabber."

With spirit. $\text{J}=100$.

Sheet music for 'The Master, the Swabber.' in 2/4 time, treble clef, key of G major. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'The mas - ter, the swabber, the boatswain and I, The gunner and his'. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords and patterns.

mate, Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Mar - ge - ry. But

None of us cared for Kate— None of us cared for

Kate. For she had a tongue with a tang..... Would

try to a mil - or, "Go hang." Then to see, boys, to

sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go hang! Then to

sea, boys, to sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

voce.

CHORUS (unaccompanied.)

Then to sea, boys, to sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go

hang! Then to sea, boys, to sea, boys, to

sea, boys, and let her go hang! hang!

Second time.

Repeat pp

R U M P L E S T I L T S K I N .

RUMPLESTILTSKIN.

—40—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOE, (*The Fat Miller.*)
THE KING.
THE PRIME MINISTER.
RUMPLESTILTSKIN.
LITTLE RUMPLE, (*His Son.*)
JOAN, (*Miller's Wife.*)
BETSY JANE, (*Miller's Eldest Daughter.*)
NANCIBEL, (*Miller's Second Daughter.*)
PRIME MINISTER'S LADY.
LADY HELEN, (*Prime Minister's Daughter.*)
THE COUNTESS.
MISS RAIMPISH, (*Rumplestiltskin's Wife.*)
THE FAIRY QUEEN.
Nurses, Bells, and Fairies.

PERIOD.—1600.

COSTUMES.

Joe.—Brown doublet, trunks, hose, shoes, white cap, apron, &c. Second dress: Handsome court dress. Third dress: Pastoral for a shepherd, crook.

King.—A hunting costume. Second dress: Robes, crown, &c. Third dress: Pastoral for a shepherd, crook.

Prime Minister.—Hunting costume. Second dress: Long robe—black and blue velvet. Third dress: Pastoral for a shepherd, crook, a trick wig.

Rumplestiltskin.—Demon's dress—red and black—with foil on dress and face, shock hair, demon head gear.

Little Rump.—The same, but smaller, in size.

Joan.—Blue dress of the period. Second dress: An old woman's dress for the Court, composed of gaudy colors and lace. Third dress: A dowdy shepherdess' dress, crook.

Betsy Jane.—Plain-dress for a villager. Second dress: Loud court dress. Third dress: Shepherdess, crook.

Nancibell.—Showy dress for a villager. Second dress: Queen's dress, for court purposes. Third dress: Shepherdess' dress, crook.

Prime Minister's Lady (aged).—Handsome court dress. Second dress: Shepherdess, crook.

Lady Helen.—Handsome court dress. Second dress: Shepherdess, crook.

Countess.—Court dress. Second dress (last scene): Shepherdess, crook.

Mrs. Rumble.—A dress of the demon order of costume.

Fairy Queen.—Handsome fairy costume, tattered spangled, silk tights, shoes, diamond star and wreath on head, wand.

Nurse.—Plain dress to the ankles, cap and frilled, apron, &c.

Elves, Goblins, and Sprites.—Various colors.

Fairies—Same as FAIRY QUEEN, but plainer.

PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Plain table and chairs. Empty flour sacks. Empty tankard for beer. Long clay pipe. Large cellar-door key. Millers' sack and full packing needle for BETSY JANE. Book for NANCIBELL. Cakes on plates, together with brandy and glasses, all on tray, off L.

SCENE II.—Nil.

SCENE III.—A spinning-wheel and heaps of straw discovered as Scene opens. Chairs on. A tray is placed under the spinning-wheel, and there must be a quantity of gold coins to fall from the wheel on to the tray.

SCENE IV.—Baby's cot, trimmed and with a baby in it, ready to be carried on from L. A gold rod L for MILLER. A black whisky-bottle, with nothing in it.

SCENE V.—A Caldron hanging from three sticks, c. of stage. Fire under it—tow and turps burning round the caldron. All the necessary ingredients to throw into the caldron for an incantation blaze. Stick to stir the caldron with. Pipe and tobacco for the MILLER.

SCENE VI.—The baby.

SCENE VII.—Numerous Chinese lanterns hanging among shrubs, plants, &c. Whistle. Plenty of green leaves on strings. Toy sheep. Crooks and pandean pipes for Shepherds. A Maypole with colored ribbons already fixed, and off at wing U.E.L., to be brought on stage and fitted immediately for dancing. Colored fires at end of piece. Fairy wands.

SCENES.

SCENE I.—A Plain Chamber at back. Window and door in R.F., and L.F. Door S.E.L.

SCENE II.—A Front Room in the Palace.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace, third and fourth grooves, with arch opening in C.

SCENE IV.—Same as Scene II.

SCENE V.—Back and cut woods. Set trees.

SCENE VI.—A Front Garden.

SCENE VII.—A Back Garden. Cut trees, shrubs, plants, &c. Chinese lanterns.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN.

Overture..... "Son and Stranger;"..... Mendelssohn.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Miller's House. Sacks and other things suggestive of a mill.

MILLER, discovered sitting at a table, R.O., with handcard and long clay pipe—he is singing.

"There was a jolly miller once
Lived by the river Dee," etc.

(Yawns, stretches himself, tries the handcard, finds it empty,) Bother!
it's empty! Not a drop! My eye!
How flour and singing make a fellow dry!
Wife! Hang the judge—where is she?

Enter JOAN, a. a. l.; she looks sternly; his manner changes to obsequiousness.

MILLER. (Holding up the handcard.) Joan, my dear,
Just fetch me up another pot o' beer.

JOAN. (L.O.) Another pot o' beer, he says. No, Joe!
Not if I knows it. (Arms akimbo)

MILLER. (Coxingly, R.O.) Just a pint or so,
Chucky!

JOAN. Chucky, chucky! You sha'n't chucky me;

And luckily I've got the cellar key.

(She pulls a large key out of her pocket, and raps his head with it. He rubs his head.)

Miller. Wife, wife, I say ! I wish you'd use me well : You're all unkind to me but my Nancibell.

Joun. Your Nancibell ! You're both birds of one feather It's Betsy Jane and me that keeps the house together.

Enter BETSY JANE, door in flat, mending a sack.

Jean. Here comes my Betsy—always hard at work : Betsy, your pa has used me like a Turk.

Betsy. (L.) Oh, fayther, what a shame to treat mamma so !

Joun. (C.) If ever women were made slaves, we are so.

Miller. What have I done ? I only asked for beer : Ha ! here comes Nancibell, the little dear :

Enter NANCIBELL, reading, from S.E.L.

Miller. She never bullies me ; she'll take my part.

Nanci. Yes, that I will, old dad, with all my heart.

(Crosses to him, R.C.)

Joan. (L.C.) Oh, yes, she'll take your part ; that's just her way.

Betsy. (L.) Idling, and reading novels all the day.

Joan. She never sews a stitch, or spins a thread.

Betsy. And lets me mend the sacks and bake the bread.

Nanci. (R.C.) I tell you, Betsy Jane, you vinegar-cruet, I hate all work, and I don't mean to do it.

Miller. (R.) Aye, that's my lass ! she's born to be a lady ; She'll wed a lord some day.

Betsy. Her chance is shady.

Nanci. Better than your's, Bet. But, I say, look here— Why shouldn't daddy have his pipe and beer ? Dad, if I e'er should get married, as you say, You'll live with me, and sleep and smoke all day.

Miller. Why, that's a dutiful and darling daughter.

Betsy. (Ults a little scream.) Dreadful, mamma.

Joun. What notions he has taught her ! If she gets married, it shall be in rags ; For well you know, I keep the money-bags. (A horn heard without.)

Nanci. Hush ! What's that sound ?

Miller.

A horn !

Joun. Oh ! I dare say Some trashy sportsmen that have lost their way.

Enter KING and PRIME MINISTER, from door L.F., in hunting dresses bespattered with mud.

Miller. Your servant, gentlemen ; you're welcome freely.

(Crosses to JOAN, L.C.—aside.) Wife, do receive these stranger chaps genteely.

(MILLER and NANCIBELL set them chairs, R. and R.C., take their hats, etc. JOAN stands aloof with arms akimbo, while BETSY JANE stitches her sack furiously, both L.

Prime M. (R., to MILLER.) Oh, thank you, sir!

King. (R.C., to NANCIBELL.) You, too, my little duck? (She curtseys in C.)

Miller. (L.C.) Sportsmen, I see, sir. Have you had good luck?

King. Very good luck in finding such a daughter

(Bowing to NANCIBELL.)

Of such a miller. (Bowing to MILLER.) Why, I should have thought her

A princess in disguise.

Nanci. (Curtseying.) Oh, sir!

(KING rises and takes her hand. JOAN, whom the MILLER tries in vain to restrain, pulls NANCIBELL away to L., and confronts the KING in C.)

Joan. Clodhopper!

Betsy. (L.) Oh, Nancibell, your conduct's most improper!

Joan. And who may you be, pray? My girls shall rue, if they demean themselves to such as you.

(She stands looking at the KING defiantly, who whispers and smiles with the PRIME MINISTER on the R.)

Nanci. (Aside to MILLER.) Daddy, do try to stop her. I can tell what's wheat or chaff: this is some thundering swell.

King. Good madam, no such thought was in my head.

Prime M. But could you oblige us with a loaf of bread?

Joan. No, sir! I've nothing in the house to-day.

Betsy. There's been too many tramps of late this way.

(KING, astonished, rises.)

Nanci. (Aside to MILLER.) Father, I've got a key that opens handy

The closet where she keeps the cake and brandy.

MILLER. Go fetch it. (NANCIBELL slips quietly out of door S.E.L.)

King. (Bows to JOAN.) Really, ma'am!

Joan. Young man, I say, there is the door. (Points to door in flat.) How long d'you mean to stay?

(MILLER meantime stamps about, working himself into a rage.)

MILLER. Bother! She must not go on in this fashion! Wait till I've worked myself into a passion.

Wife, you behave genteel; or I'll compel yon!

No words! my Monkey's up. Sit down, I tell you!

(He forces her into a chair, a.)

Betsy. Oh, fayther, fayther! Shameful!

MILLER. (Turns upon BETSY, L.) Silence, miss!

Joan. Oh, won't I pay you out to-night for this !

(MILLER keeps her in chair.)

Betsy. It's no use now against the hair to rub him.

Joan. Wait till he's cool again, and won't we snub him ?

(In the meantime NANCIBELL returns with cake and brandy. She and MILLER serve the gentlemen politely.)

King. This is refreshing now.

Prime M. Delicious brandy !

King. And your dear daughter's sweet as sugar-candy.

Nanci. (Curtsying, L.C.) Oh, sir !

Miller. (a.) Indeed, sir, though I say it 'at sholdn't If I should try to tell her worth, I couldn't.

Prime M. And I'll be bound she's useful as she's pretty.

Miller. Indeed, she works so hard it's quite a pity ; Up soon, up late, forever at her spinning ; I tell you she's a lass that's worth the winning !

King. Spins silks, eh ?

Miller. Sir, you'll wonder when you're told ; This lass o' mine can spin straw into gold !

King. Straw into gold ?

(Starts from chair.)

Nanci. (Aside to MILLER.) Don't, father !

Miller. It sounds queer ;

But it's as true as I am standing here.

King. (To PRIME MINISTER.) I say, a girl like this would be a catch :

I'm half inclined for a romantic match !

Prime M. Yes, she'd be useful ; but—it's going far—To marry a snob, sir.

King. (Decidedly.) Tell 'em who we are.

Prime M. (To MILLER.) Good man, you've had an honor unex- pected :

This is the King !

Nanci. (Aside.) Better than I expected !

(MILLER stands aghast. JOAN and BETSY JANE start up in great alarm from L. corner.)

Joan. Oh, Betsy Jane ! how woeful we're mistaken !

Betsy. Oh, mother ! we shall all be hanged like bacon ! Say something.

Joan. (Approaching KING.) Great sir, pardon, if you can, The familiarities of my vulgar man ! As for myself—I'm very dull of sight. And couldn't make you out in that cross light.

Miller. (Aside to NANCIBELL.) Well, that's a good 'un !

Prime M. Don't stand bothering them ! You pinched-up vixen, and you old grey mare !

(JOAN and BETSY JANE retire alarmed, and stand shivering in L. corner.)

King. Come—here's the point, my friend : I'm short of money,

Your daughter, too, is sweeter than fresh honey ;
 If she can spin gold, as you say—I'll marry her.
 Look, sir, (to PRIME MINISTER) to-morrow to the court you'll carry
 her :
 We'll try her—it's a bargain.

(Goes up to door L.R.—The PRIME MINISTER following—Miller
 stops him.

Miller. Ere we close it,
 Suppose she can't—she can—but just suppose it ;
 What then ?

Prime M. What then, you rustic ? Can't you guess ?
 You'll all be hanged.

Miller. Oh ! hanged ? Of course—oh, yes !
 (Exit KING and PRIME MINISTER, door L.R.)

I think we're in for it.

Joan. (Arms a-kimbo again.) And pray, whose fault,
 You droning, babbling, bragging, lying devil ?

Nance. (B.) Mother, it ain't his fault : you're quite mistaken ;
 'Twas his ingenious lie that saved your bacon.
 You'd have been hanged for sance, had he not told
 That precious cramp about my spinning gold.

Betsy. Oh, fayther ! (Joan angry, L.) (Clutches her fists, L.)

Miller. (C.) Don't go at me both together :
 I've no pinck left—you'd fell me with a feather.

(Music. The MILLER, C., keeps his wife and two daughters
 from tearing at each other in their quarreling, when scene
 closes.)

SCENE II.—A Front Room, in the Palace.

Enter PRIME MINISTER, MRS. LADY, and LADY HELEN, B.; the Lady
 angry.

Lady. (C.) A pretty mess you've made of it, my dear, I do de-
 clare !

All our poor Helen's prospects now are melting into air.
 The King would never have made such a fool of himself, had I been
 there,

Prime M. (B.) My love, I do assure you that you could not have
 prevented him ;

The girl was such a dodger, she completely circumvented him ;
 And so sharp that, ere I told his rank, I half believe she scented him.

Lady. Stupid I yen could have stopped him somehow, had you
 not been muzy.

I cannot bear to think of her the little brazen huzzy !

Oh, my poor child, your father doesn't care for you ! now, does he ?

Helen. (L.) D'you mean the King won't marry me ? Dear mother, if that's it,

Pray set your mind at ease : I never cared for him a bit.

Lady. (In a passion.) And who cares whether you do or not ?

Ungrateful puss, what mean you ?

When I've been scheming night and day to make my girl a queen, you

Say "you don't care !" Oh, deary me ! You'll break my heart between you !

Prime M. (Pacifying her.) My dear, don't give up all for lost.

The thing is still to try,

Whether she can spin gold or not—the man p'rhaps told a lie :

And if she can't, why then, as soon as she's been nicely gibbeted—

Lady. Delightful thought !

(Clapping her hands.)

Prime M. Then's just the time for skill to be exhibited.

For the King, being huffed, will be just in the mood—if we but manage neatly—

To marry any girl at once who plays her cards discreetly.

Lady. There's comfort yet. And so, my child, I earnestly request, That you to please his Majesty will do your very best.

Say as he says—laugh at his jokes—seem lost in admiration ;

(Imitates.

Cast down your eyes—then lift them up with tender veneration ;

Keep meeting him, as if by chance ; and, if he takes your hand,

Then press it very gently, in a way he'll understand.

Prime M. But not too hard, you know, my dear ; for forwardness might floor you—

Lady. Don't meddle with what you don't understand, wiseacre, I implore you.

Prime M. I'm sure she'll practice all the arts you have so wisely taught her.

Helen. Oh, yes, papa, I'll do my best to floor the miller's daughter.

Enter Countess, hurriedly, from L.

Countess. Your ladyship has heard this news about the King ? I never !

(Takes both HELEN's hands.)

Poor Helen—

Lady and Prime M. (Together.) Why 'Poor Helen,' pray ? Dear Countess, have you ever

Supposed that we had formed designs ?

Countess. (Curtsies humbly.) Oh, certainly not I But, really, such absurd reports about the Court do fly.

Lady. You know, dear friend, I never scheme.

Countess. So I have always stated ; But, really, in this dreadful case we all are complicated.

For if these kings of liberal views thus contravene propriety,
They'll sap the very basis of all civilized society.

Prime M. (a.) His Majesty!

(Sees him off L.)

Enter KING, L.; they assume respectful attitudes.

Lady. (To HELEN, aside.) Take care you mind your P's and Q's, my dear.

King. What is't o'clock? Are those folks come?

Prime M. My liege, they all are here.

King. Go, bring 'em in.

(Exit PRIME MINISTER, R.) KING walks about, L.C.

Lady. Child, keep in sight!

(Pushing her forward.)

Ahem!

Helen.

King. (L.C.) Hallo, my pretty!

You little sugar-plum!

Helen. (c.) He! he! Your Majesty's so witty!

King. Madam, your daughter's a good girl; and I have form'd a notion

Of giving her without delay a very great promotion.

Lady. Your Majesty's so good! (Nudging HELEN.)

Helen. Too good!

King. D'you know? I've found a treasure

In a miller's daughter. Fancy!

Lady. Oh, my liege, it is your pleasure

To jest! A miller's?

King. Yes, i' faith! I've set my heart upon her;

And I intend this girl of yours to be her maid of honor.

Lady. Oh!

King. Yes, I do, upon my word. Why, arn't you pleased to know it?

Helen. Oh, yes, we're deeply grateful, sir.

King. You hardly seem to show it.

Countess. 'Tis that the honor you propose so far exceeds their dreams:

For well we know her ladyship is one that never schemes.

Enter PRIME MINISTER, bringing in MILLER and his family, from R.

Lady. What awful guys! (Aside to HELEN.)

Helen. (Aside to LADY.) Look at their hats!

Lady. (Aside to HELEN.) Which is the minx, I wonder?

(They make awkward reverences. MILLER goes up to KING. His family remain on R. of stage.)

Miller. (R.C.) In this majestic presence here—

Joan. (R.) Shut up! You're sure to blunder.

King. (a.) Nay, let him speak.

(PRIME MINISTER L.C. of KING. Ladies of the court, L.

Miller. Indeed I will. I've got my speech by heart, sir; But this here wife o' mine she always wants to act my part, sir. In this majestic presence here, me and my wife and childring Stands—Nance, what's next?

Nance. (B. of him.) And find—

Miller. Oh, yes!—And finds it most bewild'ring: And so of us, we 'umbly begs, you will not make your spoorts, sir, Bein' unacquainted, all of us, wi'?— (Looks to NANCIBELL, who whispers "Etiquette."—Boys low.) Hettikets o' coorts, sir. My daughter here, Miss Nancibell, she's come to take her trial, That is, your Majesty, if yo' you won't take no denial. But what I want to say is this: She's very nervous—very; And mabbe she'll break down at first—so don't be in a hurry. And—if you'd try her manners a bit—without putting her to spinning, You'd mabbe fancy her all the same; for she is worth the winning.

King. No, no, my friend, no shirking now.

Prime M. (Laughs.) Ha! what a fine suggestion!

Joan. I knew you'd make a mess ou't, Joe! (To King.) Your Reverence, there's no question

But that he's made a mess, on't;—but he's got no cultivation!

Betsy. But mother and me has both enjoyed berding-school eddi cations, (Curseys low.)

Joan. So, if you'd please to let uz two go—(Points to Betsy and herself)—for we make no pertences, We'll leave them two behind with you—

Betsy. To bide the consequences.

Nance. My liege, if I may speak one word, with your serene permission, Be pleased to grant to all but me free pardon and dismission: I'll do my best to spin you gold, and all the rest to please ye; But I might fail through nervousness, if I should feel uneasy At thought of suffering to my friends through my poor inability.

King. Sweet girl, your sentiments evince good feeling and gentility;

But yet—

Prime M. (Quickly, aside to the King.) Together in one boat they all must sink or swim.

Miller. What farther would desert his less? If any, I'm not him!

King. Well said! She surely must succeed—or else the plague is in it!

Her thoughts are gold—her words are gold—the why should she not spin it?

It's settled. Madam, (to PRIME MINISTER'S LADY, who is L.) now to you, in spite of eccentricity, I introduce my country friends.

Lady. (With mock politeness.) Charming in their simplicity!

Countess. Let me be introduced too, pray. I date on mills and springs— (Her manners highly affected, and with mincing ways.)

Cows, dairies, china, and all that—

Lady. (Taking up the same strain.) And syllabubs, and things.
Joan. You'll be the king's old mother, I do guess.

(Alludes to LADY.)

Betsy. (Alludes to COUNTESS.)

And this 'll be the maid!

Lady. Mother!

COUNTESS. And her maid!

(Both indignant.)

Nanci. Oh, please, she's dull of sight. (To JOAN.) What a mistake you've made!

This lady's in the bloom of youth ; and, if I'm not mistaken,
 This, from her look and manners, holds the most exalted station.

Joan. (Angrily.) Don't interrupt me, Nancibell ! It may be as you say :

But she is so like my poor old mother, as died last Lady-day.

(LADY indignant.)

Betsy. And this un's like our Cousin Sue, 'at married Butcher Steel.

But she don't hold herself like Sue—not so stately and genteel.

(COUNTESS indignant.)

Lady. Helen, this is unbearable ! My liege, me must desire
 Permission from such company as this is to retire.

(Curtsies to the KING. LADY, HELEN, and COUNTESS exit L.,
 LADY and COUNTESS, who are last, look sneeringly to the MILLER'S family.)

Miller. (To JOAN.) Who's made a mess on't now, old miss ?

Betsy. (To KING.) I think, sir, with your favor,
 Mether and me's been commyfo, and of correct behavior.

Miller. You'd better hold your tongues ! (To KING,) My lord,
 I mayn't have cultivation—

But I'm a plain and honest man, that knows my proper station.

As for them two, excuse them, sir, no power can stop their prating,
 They be just the same at home with me, uncommon aggravating.

The aggravatingest things on earth is wives ; they will be popes, sir.
 I'm a plain man, and speaks my mind. There's no offence, I hopes, sir.

King. No, not at all. This girl, at least, has not transgressed her duty ;

(Crosses to L.)

I'll put her to work at once : so come with me, my beanty.

(NANCIBELL crosses to R.C.)

You, sir, (To PRIME MINISTER) look after these good folks, and keep them close confiuled. (Exit KING, leading away NANCIBELL, L.)

Prime M. Come, friends, I'm going to lock you up.

(Crosses to R. corner.)

Miller. (Crosses to him, R.) But not before we've dined !

Prime M. Oh, yes, you go to prison at once ; you'll have some bread and water.

You'll know your fate to-morrow : all depends upon your daughter.

Miller. Well, I suppose it can't be helped. I wish I'd had my dinner.

I could have borne it better then.

Joan. (Half crying.) Oh, Joe! you thoughtless sinner! It's you that's brought us all to this!

Betsy. (Bursts out crying.) Oh, ma! our days is ended!

Prime M. Indeed, I think your prospects you have rightly apprehended.

(He laughs, and sings "There Was a Jolly Miller Once," &c—
MILLER trembles—the women cry—They all except R.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace—third and fourth grooves—with o. arch. A spinning-wheel and chair, o. Heaps of straw about the stage.

NANCIBELL discovered seated at spinning-wheel, o., weeping.

Nanci. Alack-a-day! what power can save
Poor me from an untimely grave?
To think that all my grand ideas,
Indulged in since my earliest years;
My dreams about a splendid marriage,
Dresses, and pearls, and golden carriage,
And banquets in a royal palace,
Should end to-morrow—on the gallows!

(She weeps again; then rises and stamps and walks about.)
Oh, father, what a stupid thing
To praise me so before the King!
To dote you must have been beginning
When you told that cram about my spinning!
He'll have to swing too—what a bother!
I shouldn't care so much for mother;
And yet her sad fate gives me pain—
I'm even sorry for Betsy Jane!
I hate that straw—the beastly stuff!

(She kicks the straw about in a rage, then bursts again into tears.)
Bother! I'm acting like a muff!
Sit down and think a bit, my girl—
But my poor brain's in such a whirl!
Let's see—what's happened? Twice before I've been
Locked up all night, with heaps of straw to spin.
The first time, as I sat despairing quite,
A little elfish creature came in sight.
How he got in I cannot guess the least;

But he turned out a really useful beast.
 He said he'd help me, if I'd give my ring.
 I gave it : all at once the curious thing
 Sat down and whirled about the wheel like winking,
 Till all the floor with heaps of gold was clinking.
 But, when the King beheld the heaps so yellow,
 The lust of gold began to seize the fellow :
 He vowed that I must spin, and finish quite,
 A double quantity of gold next night.
 Again the elfish creature came and spun—
 His bribe my necklace—so the task got done.
 And now a third time am I locked up fast,
 And sure I am (*sobbing*) this night will prove my last.
 The beast will want his wage : I can't give any !
 I've nothing left about me worth a penny.
 The nasty, heartless, avaricious elf ! (*Rises again and stamps angrily.*
 He said each time he only spun for pelf,
 And—didn't—care a rap—how soon—I might be hanged myself !
Music—She sits down again, crying.

Enter RUMPLESTILTSKIN, from the back.

Rump. Hallo ! Beauty in tears ! How sweetly pretty !

Nanci. (*Rising.*) Oh, What's-your-name ! Please, please, have pity !

Rump. Pity ? What's that ? The thing is unknown to me.

Nanci. Don't you know *Pity* ?

Rump. Not in the least degree.

I've heard you human beings talk about it ;

But I can get on very well without it.

Nanci. Oh, sir, you have been brought up very badly !
 Your town must be in want of Board-schools sadly !

Rumy. Hity ! tity ! My pretty lady,

If you trust to pity, your chance is shady.

I know, of course, without being told,

That you want me to spin this straw into gold.

Then you would make a magnificent marriage,

Revel in luxury, ride in your carriage,

Waste all your time in ridiculous folly ;

Wouldn't you like it ? Wouldn't it be jolly ?

Nanci. Good sir, whatever your name may be,
 Such thoughts just now don't influence me.

My very life's at stake, and you know it—

If you have mercy, now's the time to show it.

Rump. My dear, put mercy out of your noddle,
 And let's have no sentimental twaddle.

As for mercy, kindness of heart, and the rest,

They're only fine names for what pleases us best ;

And to me it's no pleasure at all, I confess,
 To help a young woman that seems in distress.
 What will you give me? Tell me now!
 Rum—ti—iddity, bow-wow-wow! (Dances a hornpipe, singing—

Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity!
 Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity!
 Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity—iddity!
 Bow-wow-wow!

Nani. He must be madder than a hatter
 To make a joke of a hanging matter!—
 You've got my necklace, and my ring, sir;
 Besides, I've not another thing, sir.

Rump. Why, then, little chuck, I suppose you must die;
 Hanged by that pretty little neck. Good-bye!

(He imitates hanging by a chuck at his own neck, and is going.

Nanci. Stop! Stop! (Aside.) I must find out some way
 Of giving this horrible owl his pay.
 (Aloud.) Look here, sir: if to be queen I live,
 Of course I shall then have plenty to give;
 And, if you will only do my task,
 I'll promise whatever you like to ask.

Rump. You will?—it's a bargain?

Nanci.

Yes.

Then, maybe,

You won't object to give me your baby;
 The first little interesting thing
 That pukes and pukes in the house of the King.

Nanci. Oh, sir! what bosh! You ridiculous gabby!
 What could you possibly do with a baby?

Rump. Never you mind: I'll have nothing but that.

Nanci. Oh, dear! you horror! What can you be at?
 But what would you do with it? How would you treat it?

Rump. My dear, I'll promise you not to eat it.
 You'd find it yourself to be nothing but bother;
 Besides, you could easily buy another.

Nanci. Oh, you little baneful star!
 How I wonder what you are!

Rump. (Shudders.) Bother with your bad quotation!
 Poetry's my detestation!

You want to know what I am: I will show
 Just as much as I choose you to know.
 We dwell in the caves, and in dark gold-mines;
 We dance in the light of the moon when it shines;
 We frighten night-wanderers out of their wits,
 And, when we are merry, we tear 'em to bits;
 Perhaps we shall grow less cruel and wild,

When we've got among us your brat of a child.

Nanci. Strange, weird creature, your horrible words
Seem to be turning my blood into ~~curds~~ !

What—what will you do with the child, if you get it?

Rump. Oh, won't we dandle, and fondle, and pet it !
Dance to the tune of its horrible squall,
And toss it and bounce it about like a ball !

If it's a girl—and a passable one—

Perhaps I'll allow her to marry my son.

Nanci. Your son ? You have a son, then ?

Rump. Rather !

Nanci. I hope he's nicer than his father.

Rump. Would you like to see him ?

Nanci. Yes.

Rump. I'll call him.

Nanci. (Aside.) May all the plagues in the world befall him !

(Music—RUMPLESTILTSKIN goes to the back of the stage, and whistles.)

Enter LITTLE RUMPLE, from the back; he plays antics and makes grimaces at NANCIBELL. The two Goblins dance together.

Rump. Well, what do you think of my son for a match ?

Nanci. He doesn't strike me as a very great catch.

But, come, you have acted the fool sufficiently :

Sit down to your spinning and do it efficiently.

Rump. I shall have the baby then ?

Nanci. No doubt of it.

(Aside.) I'll find some way of getting out of it.

Rump. Before I begin, just give me a kiss ! (Approaching.)

Nanci. Beast, get away !

Rump. What a stuck-up miss !

(He sits down to the wheel, and spins straw into gold. Weird music behind the scenes. NANCIBELL looks on in astonishment—LITTLE RUMPLE plays antics and makes faces. N. B.—The spinning-wheel is charged with straw—As RUMPLESTILTSKIN turns the wheel and manipulates the straw, which conceals a number of gold-colored coins, these he causes to drop to a tray on the floor, making a jingling sound. Music—"Spinning-wheel Chorus" from "Marta."—FILOTOW. Closed in.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN.

C.

NANCIBELL.
B.C.

LITTLE RUMPLE.
L.C.

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene II. Fourish.*

Enter PRIME MINISTER, his LADY, and LADY HELEN, angrily, from L.

Lady. (c.) Indeed, I can't express my detestation
Of their vulgarity and affectation.

Helen. (l.) The Queen, mamma, is better than the rest.

Lady. Why, yes, she is, and less absurdly drest.
But she's an artful domineering thing,
And makes a perfect puppet of the King.

Prime M. (r.) Why, he reveres her as a female Daniel!

Helen. She makes him fetch and carry like a spaniel.

Prime M. The father seems a fat, good-natured fellow.

Lady. He's well enough to laugh at, when he's mellow.

Helen. That Betsy Jane's the worst.

Lady. (Ironically.) My dear, take care!
She now is Lady Elizabeth Jane Millére.

Helen. She gives me such long lectures.

Lady. Out upon her!

Enter BETSY JANE, l.

Betsy. Her Majesty requires her maid of honor.

Lady. You'd better go, my dear.

Betsy. (HELEN crosses to L.) Of course she'll go.
And mind you're guilty, miss, of no *faux-po*. (Exit HELEN, l.)

Prime M. You need not fear our daughter's strict propriety.

Lady. She's been accustomed to the best society.

Betsy. If that's a 'it at me, mem, on my word,
Your iniwendo's vulgar and absurd.
I'm the Queen's sister, mem, I knows my station :
(To PRIME MINISTER.) Mine, sir, is not a menial sitiuation.

Enter JOAN, l.

Joan. Her Majesty's a-coming : it's her pleasure
That you, sir, should escort her infant treasure.

Prime M. (Skips quickly over to l.) I fly to execute her high
behest,
My Lady Duchesse de Millére. (He bows low, sneers, and exits, l.)

Joan. You'd best.

Lady. (Aside.) The snob ! What ignominy we endure !

Joan. (Crossing to c., and condescendingly offering two fingers.)
Madaume, I'm glad to see you, I am sure.

(LADY, R., bows majestically. JOAN returns the bow in an exag-
gerated way, withdrawing her hand.)

Joan. I'm glad to say I'm by the Queen instructed
To say she finds your daughter well-conducted.

Betsy. (l.c.) If she behaves as I've took pains to train her.
My sister in her service will retain her. (Flourish.)

Enter MILLER, L., carrying a gold rod, and bowing on the KING, leading
NANCIBELL, as the QUEEN, followed by HELEN; then PRIME MINISTER,
carrying a cot with Baby in it; NURSE walks beside it; COUNTESS
following. The QUEEN and KING stand c. The cot is placed l.c.

King. (c.) My darling queen, is all arranged to suit ye?

Queen. (c.) Give me my babe: I want to kiss the beauty.

(NURSE takes Baby out of cot, and presents it to the PRIME MIN-
ISTER, who presents it to the KING, and he to the QUEEN.)

King. (To MILLER, R. of him.) My Lord Gold Stick, what a de-
light is this,

To revel in such pure domestic bliss!

Miller. To see you both so happy, for my part,
It warms the very cockles of my heart.

Queen. King!

King. Darling?

Queen. To it's cot return the treasure.

(It is returned with the same ceremony as before, when the PRIME
MINISTER crosses to L. corner.)

Queen. (Sighing.) Hubby, do think of something for diversion.
I want to be amused without exertion.

I find these state occasions rather slow.

Miller. Ditto say I to that—I finds 'em so.

Grand as I feel with this gold poker 'ere,

I sometimes wants my baccy and my beer.

Betsy. (R.c., aside to JOAN.) Ma, did you hear his vulgar obser-
vation?

Joan. (R. aside.) Love, he's uncapable of cultivation.

Queen. (To KING.) I told you to amuse me: don't you hear?

King. I'll do my very best, my dearest dear:

Suggest some way, P. M., (to PRIME MINISTER) I charge you, on
your duty,

To cheer the spirits of my Queen of Beauty.

Prime M. My liege, your question must have some solution:
Would her Grace like to—see an execution?

Queen. Idiot!

Lady. (R. corner.) Excuse me, madam, I implore you;
My Lord Gold Stick might dance a jig before you.

Countrless. (L.) Or you and your sweet girl might act a scene:
Say, that old piece—"I would not be a queen."—

Queen. You're somewhat bold, my ladies.

Helen. (At back of QUEEN, as the Lady-in-waiting.) My advice is
To send for strawberries and cream, and ices.

Queen. Oh, sickening!

John. For dresses, dear, I know yon't passions—
Send for your milliners, and discuss the fashions.

Betsy. Or let this person show her eddication,

(*Pointing to Helen.*)

By giving us a potry recitation.

Queen. Bother you all!—you make my mis'ry double;
I'm bored to death. Fan me! (To HELEN.) I hate the trouble.

(HELEN takes the QUEEN's fan and fans her.)

(To KING.) Think of some fun, or you sha'n't stand beside me.

King. I will, I will!—pray, dearest, do not chide me.
Some fun—let's see. (To PRIME MINISTER.) What is fun? Do you

hear, P. M.? Dost know?

Prime M. I think, my graciouſ tiege, it's something low.

Miller. King, son-in-law, I've hit it! Let us sing
Some jolly rattling chorus!

Queen. Just this thing!
Hubby, you'll join?

King. Yes, darling, if I may.

Miller. Let's sing "A Song o' Sixpence." Fire away!

(*"A Song of Sixpence" sung.*)

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket-full of rye," &c.

As the chorus ends, music for the entrance, L., of RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE, and LITTLE RUMPLE; they dance grotesquely, singing "Rum—ti—iddity;" they salut in to KING, &c., with their backs to the audience, then dance to L.C., where they salut again, then stand still; as they approach L.C., the COUNTESS screams and rushes over to R.; Courtiers show great alarm.

Miller. Gracious! what can they be! Look at 'em, granny!
For sartain sure, I think they're aught but canny.

Betsy. Oh, my, they're spectrises!

King. My Lord Prime Minister,
Arrest them! Ask their names!—their looks are sinister.

(PRIME MINISTER approaches them timidly. They rush at him,
and he flies in terror into extreme L. corner.)

Rump. (L.C.) What are you frightened at? What a to-dot
Hung it! I think I am as pretty as any o' you!

King. Who are you, and what do you want?

Rump. You precious wagg,
Let the queen speak: she knows me well enough.

King. (To QUEEN.) What does he want? You know this crea-
ture, dear?

Rump. (Stamping his foot.) She does—that's flat!

King. Flat-footed you do mean!

Queen. (Trembles.) I—I—I think he wants—

Rump.

Why, of course I do—I want the brat!

(He bounds to the cot, and is seizing the baby, when the QUEEN confronts him, looking daggers, from R.)

Queen. Hold, sir! Don't act in such indecent hurry.

King, dear, this pleasant gentleman and merry
Did me a service once, and, I believe,
Something I promised him; he, I conceive,
Thinks he can claim my baby,

King.

How ridiculous!

Rump. (Aside.) With blarney now she's going to try and tickle us;

She won't, though. Look here, missus—it's a bargain!
You ~~cannot~~ ^{cannot} haul me with courtly jargon.Queen. So true! But one thing, pray, explain to me;
You've brought more friends than I had hoped to see;
This your son, I know:—the pretty dear!

(LITTLE RUMPLIE jumps forward, saluting before QUEEN; she puts his cheek; he bites her finger; she utters a little cry; he jumps with joy and gets back to L.)

But who's this lovely lady I see there? (Points to MRS. RUMPLE.)

Rump. My wife, ma'am! Out of pure consideration.

I made her come to do the titivation.

For, seeing how tender the baby must be,

And how you'd be funky to trust it to me,

I thought you'd be glad that a lady should take it,

To toss it, and bump it, and pinch it, and shake it,

And whip it to sleep, when it cries in the night,

And give it its bottle. (To MRS. RUMPLE.) You've brought it?

Mrs. R. All right! I'll give it its bottle! (Pulls a large black bottle out of her pocket.)

King.

What's in it?

Why, whisky!

Mrs. R. The best stuff for babies, it makes 'em so frisky.

Queen. Good friends, you're most consid'rable; but, I say,

Suppose you grant me just three days delay?

Set me some task most difficult to do;

If it's not done, I give the babe to you.

Consider the proposal—just for fun.

Rump. (Aside.) Not a bad notion; but I won't be done.

(Aloud.) I like a joke. Look here, my queenly dame,

In three days' time you must find out my name!

If not, I positively claim the baby.

Queen. Agreed!

Rump. Agreed! (Aside.) Won't she be floored, the

gaby!

(Music.)

(Aloud.) Fol-de-rol-diddle! I've caught her now!

Rum—ti—iddity, bow, wow, wow!

(RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE, and LITTLE RUMPLE dance round, and out of, the room, L.

King. My dear, this is a serious situation.

Miller. A most uncommon, bothering aggravation!

Queen. I was obliged to put him off some way.

(To PRIME MINISTER.) My Lord, you must endeavor, night and day, To find the creature's name.

King. Send spies about In all directions. We must find it out.

Prime M. My liege, you may rely upon my zeal.

Betsy. The case is hopeless.

Joan. (Affectedly faltering.) Oh, how bad I feel!

Countess. (R., to JOAN, offering a bottle of salts.) Here, take my salts. I fear her grace will faint; Her nerves are strung so finely.

Joan. (Jumping up—looks defiantly.) No, they ain't!

Lady. I do so sympathise!

Miller. I don't believe you.

(To KING and QUEEN.) My dears, we'll do our possibles to relieve you

From this sad mess; and, till our plans is ripe, I'll take the liberty to go and smoke my pipe. But it may be thought as well, afore we leave, To enjoy a dance and tune, or, a jolly row; What shall it be?

King. Rum—ti—iddity, bow wow, wow!

Music—All the characters sing and dance off L. MILLER leads the way, bowing, singing, and dancing round the stage, followed by KING and QUEEN, then HELEN and LADY, BETSY JANE and JOAN; after them—singing, dancing, and sneering—the PRIME MINISTER, who has seized the col; is opposed by NURSE; they follow out L., Baby crying.

SCENE V.—A Back and Cut Wood. A caldron hanging from three sticks, c. Stage dark. Music continued.

Enter RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE, LITTLE RUMPLE, and Elves, through cut woods at back. They dance before the caldron. Calcium lights—various colored mediums—thrown occasionally on the figures.

Rump. (a.) Ha! my hearties! let's be jolly! Splitting with laughter at human folly! The Queen's little brat is my own! Hurrah!

Eh, little wifie?

All. (The family, and elves.) Hê! hâ! hê! hê! hâ!
(They dance, laughing, round the caldron.)

Mrs. R. (n.c.) What shall we do with it?

Rump. Bang it, and wallop it,
Bleed it and blister it, blue-pill and jalap it,
Pelt it, hung up by its toes from a tree—
A nice little toy for my Rumble and me!
Hâ! little son, you have got a fine wife!

Mrs. R. Mammy will teach him to lead her a life!

Rump. Will the Queen find out my name?

(All the Elves, Goblins, &c., laugh satirically.)

Mrs. R. Not a bit on it!

Rump. Rumblestiltskin! she never can hit on it.

(The PRIME MINISTER and MILLER look through a cut wood opening at the back, and suddenly disappear.)

Mrs. R. Oh, the grand folks! How I hate them!

Rump. Ha! ha!
Won't they be sorrowful?

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Rump. But now it is time to prepare a grand feast,
For welcoming duly the vile little beast.
Look alive, then, you rascals, and show us your mettle
By gathering ingredients to boil in our kettle.

(The Elves disperse, while RUMPLESTILTSKIN stands by the caldron. Elves return and bring things to him. Descriptive music, as the Elves, &c., come running in.)

Rump. What's this? Oh, a hedgehog! a toad! and a rat!

The heart of a lover! an alderman's fat!
The brain of a poet! tit-bits for the pot! (Mrs. RUMBLE comes.)
Aha! little wifie, and what have you got?
A batch of drown'd kittens, delicious of savor. (Smelling them.)
And a fox, and a ferret, to give it a flavor!
Won't it turn out a magnificent gruel!

Mrs. R. Stuff to make all of us frisky, and cruel!

(RUMPLESTILTSKIN stirs the mixture with a stake; then sings.)

SONG.

"Merrily a feast I'll make:
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake:
Merrily I'll daunce and sing;
For next day will a stranger bring.
Little does my lady dream
Rumblestiltskin is my name!"

(Laughs in a fiendish manner.)

Chorus. Little does my lady dream
 Rumplestiltskin is his name,
 Rumplestiltskin,
 Rumplestiltskin,
 Rumplestiltskin is his name !

(He lights the fire under the caldron in a pan containing brandy and salt. They all dance round it, singing, (or screaming) "Rumplestiltskin," etc. Then all exert through various parts of the cut woods.

Enter PRIME MINISTER and MILLER, from behind a tree, at back.

Prime M. (Approaching timidly.) I think we now may venture forward, friend;

They've brought their awful revels to an end:

But—I don't know—the scene was most alarming !

Miller. They seem to be a set o' precious varm'n. While they were throng wi' their uncanny hopping, They little thought that we were there eaves-dropping.

Prime M. At any rate, we've learnt his name,

Miller. *That's true.*

Aye, Rumplestiltskin—and a bonny 'un too !

Whoever called him so, it was a shame !

He's had no chance with such a heathen name.

Prime M. Let's go, my friend, let's go !—the place is haunted.

Miller. Keep a good conscience, and you'll not be daunted.

(He prowls about, exploring.)

Prime M. We've seen enough : how can you be so derring?

Miller. I'll tell you what, old chap, I'm used to scaring ; I'd sooner face a hundred bogies raging

Than one old wife, when she begins rumpágine.

(Looks into the caldron.)

Pah !—what a mess !—and how it stinks !

Prime M.

Take care !

The smell may poison you.

Miller. *(Pointing to a dark spot.)* Be ! look, what's there !

Prime M. *(Starting back in terror.)* Gracious !

(PRIME MINISTER has a trick wig—he pulls his hair straight up.)

Miller. Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! His hair's on end !

Prime M. I will report you to the King, my friend ;

You are too bold :—a Minister of State

Cannot have tricks played on him at this rate.

Miller. Report me to the King ? You're rayther green ;

Suppose that I report you to the Queen !

My lass is mistress now, you may depend on't.

Prime M. Too true ! too true !

Miller. Come, come ! shake hands, and make an end on't !

Put up wi' a miller's manners, if you can :
You see, I always was a joky man.

Prince M. No more of your jokes, I beg yon ; I'm so nervous.

Miller. Wait till I light my pipe. (*Lights it.*) I'm at your service.

Prince M. Come then. (*Pulling him away.*) Delay will irritate the King.

Miller. My bonny lass ! Won't she be pleased, poor thing !

(*He begins to sing "Rum-ti-iddity," and dance—the PRIME MINISTER shows his fear, and drags him, laughing, off through the back of the wood.* *Closed in.*)

SCENE VI.—A Front Garden.

Enter QUEEN, with HELEN, from R., followed by NURSE, with BABY.

Queen. Here for a while, dear Helen, we take breath
From all that state that bores us both to death.
Do let us throw off all our buckram here.
You'll be my bosom friend—now, won't you, dear ?

Helen. Your Majesty's too kind.

Queen. Don't talk such stuff ;
Of courtly humbug I have had enough.
The King's a perfect darling, it is true ;
He does ~~at once~~ whatever I bid him do.
But all that etiquette is like a fetter—
I almost think life in the mill was better.

Helen. You'll soon get used to it.

Queen. But there's one bluster—
A constant one ; my most provoking sister.
I fear she bullies you : don't mind her darling.

Helen. Oh, I care very little for her snarling !

Queen. You see, this evening, to get rid of state,
I've made arrangements for a garden fête.
You heard the orders given about dress ?
You're ready with your costume aren't you ?

Helen. Yes !

Queen. That elf, too, will be coming, I suppose,
To claim my precious—bless its little nose !
And ~~and~~ you shrubs I thought such forms grotesque
Might make a ~~see~~ absurdly picturesque.

Helen. I shall be frightened.

Queen. No, not you !

Helen. What luck

You found the horror's name out !

Queen. (To Baby.) Ah, my chuck !
Did Bogie want it ? But he s'all not get it !

No, dat he s'a'n't ! (Petting the baby.)

Helen. (Doing the same.) How nice it is to pet it !

(The QUEEN and HELEN pet the baby, and exit *l.*—the NURSE follows, imitating their actions, without the Baby.)

SCENE VII.—A Back Garden. Trees, shrubs, &c. Chinese lanterns among them.

Enter QUEEN, followed by the KING, from *l.* at back, dressed as shepherds; NURSE attending with the Baby.

Queen. I've caught you then at last ?

King. Yes, darling, here I am ;
What shall I do ?

Queen. Look at our precious lamb. (KING takes it.)
Kiss it.

King. Yum ! yum ! Ha ! catchy ! Little baby bunting !
Ba, ba ! black sheep ! Daddy's gone a-hunting ! (Kisses it.)

Queen. There, that will do, (Nurse takes baby and stands *r.*) Now, of this evening's fun

I wish to speak. Is all I told you done ?

King. Yes, dear : they're all provided with their dresses,
As you enjoined—shepherds and shepherdesses.

Queen. What said my sister ? Did not she resist ?

King. Oh, yes ! she put herself in such a twist !
She said 'twas frivolous—she hated masquerading,
And to enact low life she thought degrading.

Queen. How did you manage her ?

King. By royal bounties :
In her own right I made her straight a Countess ;
Then she came round.

Queen. Well done, my clever King !

What else ?

King. My dear, there was one single thing
In which your plan seemed wanting. Shepherds keep
Flocks—else they're humbugs. I've provided sheep !

Queen. But how ? We can't have live sheep scrabbling here.

King. You'll see how nicely I've contrived, my dear.
I have devised, too, (with your leave, dear queen,)
A sort of little operatic scene.

Would you mind hiding there behind the trees ?

Ion'll see the reason soon.

Queen. Well, as you please.

(Music—He kisses her hand and leads her behind a shrub, then blows a whistle.

Enter all the Courtier characters in the drama, from various entrances, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, with crooks and Pandean pipes. Each drags a little toy sheep. They march round the stage, and arrange themselves in a group, with their sheep before them. KING walks moodily about, then approaches them.

King. (Sings.) "Shepherds, shepherds, tell me,
Tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?" etc.

(Courtiers look at each other, at a loss.

Miller. No, we've not seen her nowhere, bless your heart!

Prime M. (Nudging him.) We ought to sing.

Miller. But I've forgot my part.

(To KING.) Our watch for Flora, sir, we could not keep,
We've been so bothered wi' these plaguey sheep.

Lady. (To PRIME MINISTER.) My Lord Gold Stick extempories.

Prime M. True,

I wish he wouldn't. I've quite lost my cue.

Lady. The King himself can't think what next to do.

King. Go on! You know your parts.

Miller. We don't, sir. Dash!

Joan. The whole thing's going to go a regular smash!

Enter QUEEN, from her concealment.

Queen. Ye nymphs and shepherds—such ye seem to be—
If I am Flora, what d'you want with me?

King. Fall on your knees—my Flora is before us!

Do sing, at any rate, the final chorus!

(A May-pole; with wreaths hanging from its top, brought in. QUEEN stands in the centre, holding the May-pole. Nymphs and shepherds dance round it, holding the wreaths, and sing (from SIR STERNDALE BENNETT'S "May Queen.")—

"With a laugh as we go round
To the merry, merry sound
Of the tabor and the pipe,
We will frolic on the green;
For since the world began,
And our royal river ran,
Was never such a May-day,
And never such a Queen!"

As the chorus concludes, the music suddenly changes, and cheer, from U.E.L., RUMPLESTILTSKIN, Mrs. RUMPLE, and LITTLE RUMPLE, singing "Rum-ti-tiddly" and clapping, followed by the Elves, &c.; they all stand L.C. Courtiers thrown into confusion and scramble over to R.

Betsy. (To JOAN.) What comes of this play-acting, ma, you see
My sister wold not be forewarned by me.

I said such vanities was tempting fate:

This is a judgment, as she'll learn too late!

Joan. Oh, Betty Jaue! let us keep near the gate!

Rump. (L.C.) Pretty lady, here I am,
Come to claim the precious lamb.

Queen. (C.) Won't you still forego your claim?

Rump. Nonsense! Tell me what's my name!

(QUEEN pretends to weep.)

King. (R.C.) Can you bear to see a lady
Weeping? Let her tears persuade ye!

Rump. Oh, friddlestink!

King. The child forego;
Aught beside I will bestow;
Any kind of priceless jewel.

Miller. What's the use of being so cruel?

Prime M. You'll find, dear sir, a generous action
Will afford you inward satisfaction.

Rump. Bother your humbug! Fire and flame!
Tell me—tell me—tell me thy name!

Queen. Would you could feel what my distress is!
But you'll allow me a few guesses?

Rump. Guess away!

Queen. Can it be Bartholomew? (He shakes his head.)
Caliban? Scratch? Jack-o'-lantern?

Rump. Pooch, pooh!

Queen. Perhaps Garagantua? Patrick? Or Roxy?

Rump. Bosh!

Queen. Octopus? Telithyseatus? John Dory?

Rump. Fudge!

Queen. Flibbertigibbet? Mephistopheles?

Bandy-legs? Goggle-eyes? Nosy?

Mrs. R. You'll please
Not to reflect on his beautiful features.

Betsy. How can she parley with such dreadsome creatures?

King. Alas! you'll have to give it up, I fear.

Miller. (Nudging the KING.) And let him have the babby.

Rump. Hear, hear, hear!

Hurroosh!—it is mine! I have got it at last!

(He bounds forward to clutch the baby.)

Queen. One moment, my friend—you move rather too fast.

Take it calmly, if you can,

When I ask you, my good man,

(Slowly.) Can your name be RUMPLESTILTSKIN?

Rump. (Starting back.) Some witch has told you! How did you get to know?

Miller. His name is RUMPLESTILTSKIN—ho, ho, ho!

All. (On the R. of the stage, pleased, and repeat the name.) RUMPLESTILTSKIN—ho, ho, ho!

Rump. (Jumps about, and stamps furiously.) Bother! I've stamped my foot into the floor,

And cannot pull it out again no more!

(He tries to pull his foot out with both hands; Mrs RUMPLE and LITTLE RUMPLE help him. At last they get it out; he hops about on one leg, howling; LITTLE RUMPLE also howls.

Mrs. R. Oli, you villain! you shall catch it!

Where's the baby? Won't I scratch it!

(She rushes up to NURSE, who is Heir the QUEEN, &c.; she flies, and drops the baby. MRS. RUMPLE seizes it, and is running off with it. MILLER follows, and trips her up. She falls, throwing away the baby. RUMPLESTILTSKIN takes it up, and flings it at the head of the PRIME MINISTER, who is following up from R. General scritchmug. As PRIME MINISTER, JOAN, and BERTSY JANE try to escape, the elves jump on their backs and frighten them. As the row is going on, fairy music heard at the back of all woods and trees.

FAIRY CHORUS.

"From the banks of woodland brooks,
Flowery glades, and shaded nooks;
Haunted groves that nightly gleam
In the pale moon's glimmering beam,
We come, we come!

"Cherubs and goblins dare not meet us;
Sleeping flowers wake up to greet us;
Brightening all the dewy green,
Singing, dancing, round our Queen;
We come, we come!

Enter FAIRY QUEEN and good FAIRIES, suddenly from behind the back trees. The Elves cease from their pranks, and try to escape. FAIRY QUEEN touches them with her wand. They stand suddenly still.

Fairy Q. (c.) Fly not yet! you may not go!

My superior power you know.

Thus I draw a circle round you;

In a fairy ring I've bound you.

Oh, you wicked, spiteful elves,

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

King. (Coming forward, n.c.) Sweet strangers, whosoe'er you be,
I bid you welcome heartily.
You seem not like the things of earth,
And of a higher, purer birth
Than those whom you have pinn'd so tight.
What can we do for your delight?

Fairy Q. King, we come to lend you aid
'Gainst the plots those elves have laid.
Strong and baneful as they are,
I and mine are stronger far.
Unsubstantial we, and airy ;
Yet I am the Queen of Fairy.
Safe through me from elfish spite,
You and yours may rest to-night.

King. (To QUEEN.) My queen, with welcome kind and hearty,
I'm sure you'll greet this pleasant party.

Queen. (n.c.) Friends, for my darling babe and me,
I thank and greet you heartily.

Prime M. Illustrious Powers, I scarce can find expressions,
To intimate my most profound impressions.
My wife and daughter, madam—pray befriend them.

Fairy Q. All fairy blessings still attend them !

(She waves her wand over them.)

Lady. We prize your favors much.

Helen. Indeed we do !

Joan. (To BETSY.) It's time I should stick up for me and you.

(She pushes forward, with BETSY JANE, l.c.)

Ladies, I hope you'll let us share your bounties ;
I'm a Duchess, and my girl's a Countess !

Betsy. And whatsumever be their situations,
We take percedence as the Queen's relations.

(The Fairies turn their backs on them.)

Oh, ma ! they scorn us ! the turn-up-nosed monkeys !

Miller. You've made a mess on't once again, ye donkeys !

(To FAIRY QUEEN.) Ma'am, don't let their daft impudence distress
you.

Fairy Q. You are a kind and honest man : we bless you.

(She waves her wand over him.)

Fairies, let us weave our charms
To bless this house from nightly harms.
Not the very Goblin King,
Ever blight or bane can bring,
When our feet have traced a ring.

(The Fairies come forward and dance round the FAIRY QUEEN, c.)

King. (Advancing.) Gracious fairy, pray extend
Your favor to our tricksy friend.
Powerless now to work us woe,
Let the merry goblins go !

Fairy Q. Thus I loose you : ye are free !

(*Touching Elves, who are L., with her wand—they become free and move.*

Mend your manners.

Rump. (L. corner.) Fiddle-de-dee !

(*Sings* "Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity," etc. *Grand tableau of Fairies and Courtiers.* KING in front, a., holding the QUEEN's hand. FAIRY QUEEN, with her two attendant Fairies, elevated behind the rest on a transformation, which descends from back of scene, holding out their wands. *Elves squatted in front of stage.* RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE and LITTLE RUMPLE, L. corner.

King. Powers of evil all departed,

Safe from harm, and merry hearted

(Thanks to our protecting sprite),

We may bid our friends good-night !

So let's finish, hand in hand,

With a rhyme from Fairy-land.

(*Turning to Queen.*) "Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come my lovely lady nigh !

(*To Audience.*) So good-night, with lullaby !"

(*Chorus*—"Never harm, nor spell, nor charm," etc.—*Concluding bars of "Ye Spotted Snakes," Stevens.*

Disposition of Characters.

Transformation at back.

FAIRY QUEEN
and Fairies.

QUEEN. KING.

HELEN.

C.

MILLER.

LADY.

JOAN.

BETSY.

COUNT.

R.C.

L.C.

MRS. R.

NURSE.

RUMPLE.

LITTLE R.

R.

Elves squatted on stage,

C.

CURTAIN.

SONG.—“Rum-ti-iddity.”

Three staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The lyrics are:

Rum - ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty - id - di - ty,
 Rum - ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty, Rum - ti - id - di - ty,
 Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Bow, wow, wow.

SONG.—“Merrily a Feast I'll Make.”

Three staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The lyrics are:

Mer - ri - ly a feast I'll make! To - day I'll brew, to -

mor - row bake, Mer - ri - ly I'll dance and sing! To -

mor - row will a stran - ger bring. Lit - tle does my

la - dy dream, Rum - ple - stilt - skin is my name.

ff. unis.

(Here E. laughs in a fiendish manner, ad lib.)

a tempo. pp

cres.

f

(whisper.)

Rum - plestiltskin, Rum - plestiltskin, Rum - ple - stilt - skin is my name.

tempo pp cres.

CHO.—“Little does my Lady dream.”

88 *pp* *ff units.*

Lit - tie does my la - dy dream Rum-ple-stilt-skin is his name,

cres. —

Rumplestiltskin, Rumple-stilt-skin, Rum-ple-stilt-skin is his name.

FAIRY CHORUS.

112.

From the banks of woodland brooks, Flow'ry glades and shaded

2d Sop. *p*

nooks, Haunted groves that night-ly gicam In the

pale moon's glim - 'ring beam; From the banks of woodland

We come! We

brooks, Flowery glades and sha - ded nooks, Haunted

come? We come! we come!

groves that nightly gleam In the pale moon's glim'ring

We come! we come!.... We come! we

beam; Ghosts and gob-lins dare not meet us, Sleep-ing

come! Ghosts and gob-lins dare not meet us, Sleep-ing

flow'r's rise up to greet us, Bright'ning all the dew-y green,

flow'r's rise up to greet us, Bright'ning all the dew-y green,

cres. rall. f ad lib. pp tempo.

Sing-ing, dancing round our Queen.... From the

Singing, dancing, singing, dancing round our Queen.

cres. colla voce. ped. tempo. pp

tempo.

banks of wood-land brooks, Flowery glades and sha-ded

We come! we come! we come! we

books, Sing - ing, danc - ing,

come!..... Sing - ing, we come! danc - ing, we come!

sing - ing, we come, we come! Sing - ing
 sing - ing, we come, we come! Sing - - ing

cres. rall. ad lib.
 Danc - ing. danc - ing, we come, we come!
 Danc - ing. danc - ing, we come, we come!
 cres. rall. colla voce.

S K I N F L I N T .

A CHARADE, IN THREE ACTS,

S K I N F L I N T .

—: 0 :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD FANGLE.

JACK HILTON.

WALTER DAPPER, (LORD FANGLE'S Valet.

JACK FLINT, (Afterwards JONES, the Butler.

BUTTONS, (A Boy.

MISS LYDIA BLOOM, (Afterwards LADY FANGLE.

THE DOWAGER LADY FANGLE.

MISS YARKER, (Afterwards MRS. HILTON.

PARKER, (MISS BLOOM'S Maid.

THE HON. MISS CONSTANCE FANGLE.

A Female Cook, and Servants.

COSTUMES.—MODERN AND FASHIONABLE.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Table fitted for a lady's boudoir, r.c. Looking-glass, &c., upon it. Easy chair. Other chairs. Handbell on table.

SCENE II.—Sheet of writing paper. Cigar. Bottle of patent face wash.

SCENE III.—Two sets of curtains to French windows, in flats. Fireplace set complete, r. Glass over the mantel. Fender, fire-irons, &c. Ornaments. Sofa between the two windows, c. at back. Easy chair before the fire, r. Table, with cover, r.c. Letters and books on it. Other chairs, &c. Money for LORD FANGLE. Tea service for four, everything complete. Muffins, &c., on tray, and ready to be brought on from L. door.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Small bag of flints.

SCENE II.—Curtains to French window, c. Breakfast table, laid for two, c. Chairs, &c. Handbell on table. Bag of flints that were used by JACK FLINT in Scene I.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Table, with table-cloth covering it, and three chairs discovered R.C. Tray, with cloth, and plates covered with pieces of meat and bread. A small jug. Also, a claret jug.

SCENE II.—Tables, with covers, R. and L. of stage. Sofa, R. Chairs and easy chair. Travelling-bags, shawls, wraps, valises of all descriptions, ready L. Open letter.

SCENES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Centre Door Chamber, Backed by Interior.

SCENE II.—A Drawing-Room.

SCENE III.—A Drawing-Room, with French windows R.F. and L.F., exterior backing. Door U.E.L. Fireplace set, complete, U.E.R.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Park Scene. Front grooves.

SCENE II.—A Back Parlor. French window in C. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. Exterior backing to window.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Front Chamber.

SCENE II.—A Centre Door Chamber, at back. Interior backing. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L.

The First and Second Acts of this Charade represent the syllables of the word, the Third the whole.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

S K I N F L I N T .

Overture....."Clemenza di Tito".....Mozart.

ACT I.—FIRST SYLLABLE.

SCENE I.—A Boudoir.

MISS LYDIA BLOOM discovered sitting R.C., at a table, before a glass.
PARKER, in attendance, C.

Miss B. Parker, look here! I do believe my skin
Is getting freckled—spots, too, on my chin!
Tis the hot weather causes it, no question:
It cannot surely come from indigestion!

Parker. Good gracious, ma'am! I can't believe it's true!
Yet I do think I see a spot or two.

Miss B. Pity me, Parker! Oh, what shall I do!
The very thought of freckles makes me ill—
Would it do any good to take a pill?

Parker. I think you'd better not, upon reflection,
As it might spoil your general complexion.
I can't abide pills, potions, and emetics—
I'm all for washes, powders, and cosmetics.

Miss B. Some powder then—a *leettle* red—and white.
How horrible if I should look a fright!

Parker. Impossible! Nay, freckled though you grew,
What would spoil others would look well in you.

Miss B. You flatter me, you chit!

Parker. Flatter? Not I!
You can't help looking lovely, though you try.

Miss B. I think my face will do now.

Parker. Oh, it's sweet!
Just one touch more—the sight is quite a treat.

Miss B. My hands keep nice and white.

Parker. Oh, they are loves!

Miss B. Wash them with milk, and then I'll wear my gloves.

(During the conversation that follows, PARKER sponges Miss Bloom's hands with milk, powders them, and stretches her gloves, which she puts on.

Parker. To wash such hands with water were a sin—
Water should never touch a lady's skin!

Miss B. What was that story you were telling, Parker,
About Lord Fangle offering to Miss Yarker?

Parker. It's true: and she refused the high connection,
Because of his cadaverous complexion.

Miss B. Poor Fangle!

Parker. He's quite desolate—can't rally.
I had it all straight from his lordship's valet.

And he had given her such lots of rings.

Miss B. Absurd coquette! her color's no great things.

Parker. Not like yours, ma'am.

Miss B. Should visitors appear,
I am at home, and will receive them here.

(Bell rings. PARKER exits c.

Re-enter PARKER, immediately, c., ushering in the DOWAGER LADY FANGLE and MISS FANGLE.

Miss B. (Rising.) Dear Lady Fangle! (Shakes hands.

Lady F. How d'ye do, my dear?

Miss B. Sweet Constance too! (Crosses to her L.) How nice to
see you here!

Lady F. (R.) Ye don't look well—your color's rather high:
It don't look natural.

Miss B. (Aside, o.) Rude hag!

Miss F. (L.) But I

Think my dear friend looks very nice: how clear
Your tint!

Miss B. How kind of you to say so, dear!

Lady F. Pooh, pooh! But have you heard about my son?

Miss B. No, not a single word. What has he done?

Lady F. You know Miss Yarker—vulgar—with red hair:
But the sole daughter of a millionaire.

Well, he proposed to her, and—such a blow !

Miss B. What ? You don't like the match ?

Lady F. The jade said No !

Miss B. Oh, astonishing ! She ought to have been *late*.

Miss F. And my poor brother is in such a state :

Can't eat his breakfast—smokes cigars all day,

Grows paler every hour and wastes away.

Miss B. What could her reason be ?

Lady F. You won't believe it ;

Nobody in their senses could conceive it.

You knew he's elegantly pale and thin :

She said she could not bear a pasty skin !

(*Miss Bloom covers her face and turns aside to hide laughter.*)

You make a jest of it ?

Miss B. Oh, ho ! He, he !

I cannot help but sob for sympathy.

Lady F. What's to be done ?

Miss B. Why, can't he paint ?

Miss F. Oh no !

He says he's sure that dodge would be no go ;

For she'd soon twig 'twas not his own complexion.

Lady F. P'rhaps you could teach him how t' escape detection.

Miss B. I ! In such things I'm quite an ignoramus.

Miss F. I'm sure you are, dear.

Lady F. That the case mayn't shame us

We must do something. Are there not some lotions,

Cosmetical appliances, or potions,

That give a healthy lustre to the skin ?

Miss B. I fear such arts may be a sort of sin.

Lady F. Pooh !

Miss B. But my maid may know.

Lady F. I'm sure, my dear,
She knows. (*Miss Bloom rings the bell.*)

Enter PARKER, c. door, and comes down R.C.

Miss B. Her ladyship desires to hear

If you're aware of any kind of lotions,

Cosmetical appliances, or potions,

That outwardly applied, or taken in,

Impart a healthy lustre to the skin.

Tis for Lord Faugle, who, from over-study,

Has grown too pale, and wants to look more ruddy.

Parker. I ! Oh, dear, no ! In such things I'm a *child*.

Lady F. Don't talk such nonsense, or you'll drive me *wild*.

Parker. Well, now I think ou't—sure I have been told

Of a French shop where such-like things are sold ;

And if you'll please to send his lordship's man,

I will oblige his lordship, if I can.

(*Surprised.*)

Lady F. At once I'll send him.

(*Does up a*)

Parker. (Aside, R.) Oh, he's such a duck!

Lady F. Sweet friend, good-bye!

(*At door.*)

Miss B. I wish my lord good luck.

(*Exceunt LADY FANGLE and Miss FANGLE, C. door.*)

Miss B. Good riddance! (Looks off a.) But what rubbish!

Think! Miss Yarker!

What is the stuff you mean to send him, Parker?

Parker. I know what I'm about. Just wait; you'll see.

(*Flounces out R.*)

Miss B. I think Lord Fangle might have thought of me.

(*Exit C. door.*)

SCENE II.—A Front Room.

Enter JACK HILTON, R., reading a paper—He has his hat and gloves on

Hilton. What, Fangle! not yet up? Oh, I suppose
He's drowning disappointment in repose.
Poor beggar! For Miss Yarker, too! I think
His love was less for beauty than for chink.
What's here? I picked this up on my way;
Perhaps 'tmay give us the time o' day!
Silly fool! He has peunned a sonnet
To Yarker's golden locks, depend upon it.

"Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June!"

(Laughs.) Ho, ho, ho! How screwed he must have been to write
such rot!

If he goes on like that, he goes to pot.

Enter LORD FANGLE, from L., in dressing-gown and slippers, and
smoking a cigar, looking very woe-begone.

Hilton. Hallo! old boy; how are you? (They shake hands.)

Lord F. (L. C.) Oh, so bad!

Hilton. (R. C.) Cheer up! there's more fish in the sea, my lad.

Lord F. No fish like Yarker. Oh, so richly dear!

Beautiful with twelve thousand charms a year!

Hilton. As much as that?

Lord F. And three old aunts with 'em!

And the sole cause the color of my skin.

Hilton. It's a sad case, indeed. But you'll soon rally.

Lord F. No, never! Where the dickens is my valet?

Enter WALTER DAPPER, triumphantly from L., with a bottle.

Hilton. Just in the nick of time he comes.

Lord F. You know,

Why did you leave me desolate?

Dapper. I crave

Your lordship's pardon; and I'm sure you'll grant it;
I've got the very thing your lordship wanted.

Hilton. What is't? Some wash?

Dapper. It is the winning trick, sir.

Lord F. (Reads.) "Chromo-recuperative-magical elixir."

Not pinaceous?

Dapper. No; innocently mild,

It makes an old man like a blooming child.

Miss Bloom's maid gave it to me; my friend, Miss Parker.

Lord F. How ominous the name! It rhymes to Yarker!

Hilton. Miss Bloom's maid ought to understand complexion's.

Dapper. She does, and bade me give my lord directions

That the fell taint would not develop fast;

The wash works slowly, but is sure at last.

Perhaps, said she, when my lord leaves his room,

His glass will show but slight access of bloom;

But when he's walked a little in the air,

The sweet effect will make beholders stare.

Lord F. Come on, come on, I'm dying to begin!

Hilton. (With mock sympathy.) May all the graces help to dye
your skip!

TRIO.

Lord F. Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June!

Dapper. My lord, this lotion will disclose
The wish'd-for roses soon.

Lord F. I faint, I die, the wash to try—

Dapper. Supplied by Mistress Parker.

Hilton. Haste, haste to win, with roseate skin,
All. The golden charms of Yarker.

Chorus. Who is Yarker, what is she,
That all our swains command her?
Richly dowered with charms is she,
Such grace did Plutus lend her,
That she might admired be.

Hilton. Gather your roses, ere they fade ;
 So says the ancient song, sir ;
 Your lillies with the golden maid
 Have done you grievous wrong, sir.
Lord F. Dapper. I faint, I die, the wash to try—
 Supplied by Mistress Parker.
Hilton. Haste, haste to win, with roseate skin,
All. The golden charms of Yarker.

Chorus. Then to Yarker let us sing,
 That Yarker is excelling :
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.
 To her let us Fangle bring !

(*Elvina, leading FANGER out, L.*

**SCENE III.—A Drawing-Room, with French windows R.R. and L.L.
 Door U.F.L. Fireplace U.R.R.**

Enter MISS BLOOM, door U.E.L., dressed for going out; PARKER following her.

Miss B. (R.) Tea for four, please, Parker, at five precisely.
Parker. (L.) Yes, ma'am.

Miss B. With muffins. Does my train hang nicely?
 (She crosses over to L., looking back at her train.)

Parker. (R.) Yes, ma'am.

Miss B. Miss Yarker's coming, and my Lady Fangle.
 I want to see them meet.

Parker. Perhaps they'll wrangle.

Miss B. That would be fun. I sha'n't be long away.

Parker. Let's see what letters she has had to-day.
 (*Elvina, door U.E.L.* Reads the letters on the table, a.

Uninteresting all! One from her mother—

Maternal twaddle!—from her aunt—her brother.

They're not worth reading—milk and water all!

Why, there's Lord Fangle: he is going to call.

Delightful! How my charm has work'd! The air
 Has brought the tint out sweetly, I declare,

Of which, poor man, he's not in the least aware.

(PARKER beckons LORD FANGLE in, from window, R.F.
Come in, my lord, Miss Bloom will soon appear.

Enter LORD FANGLE, door U.E.L.

Lord F. They told me I should find Miss Yarker here.

Parker. My lord, my mistress does expect Miss Yarker.

Lord F. I'll wait. (PARKER is going L. He calls her back.) Ha !
by the way, is your name Parker ?

Parker. It is, your lordship.

Lord F. I conjectured so.

You are my *benefactress* ! Don't you know (Taking out his purse.
Dapper, my man ?

Parker. Oh, yes !

Lord F. Gave him a lotion ?

(She nods assent. He gives her money.

Parker. Thank you !

Lord F. I cannot speak without emotion,

So happy you have made me.

Parker. Oh, my lord,

I am so charmed to see your tint restored.

You look quite blooming now.

Lord F. Indeed, my glass

Told me a flattering tale, my pretty lass.

And Dapper said that walking in the air

Would add fresh charms. Is there a mirror there ?

Parker. No.

Lord F. Yes, there is.

(Looks at fireplace, U.R.R.

Parker. Oh, yes, I quite forgot.

But, oh ! for goodness' sake, don't look !

Lord F. Why not ?

Parker. It's such a wretched glass ! Don't look, I pray !

It won't tell true.

Lord F. I will look—get away !

(She tries to keep him from looking, but in vain.

Parker. (Aside.) Good lackaday ! he'll find out how he's bitten
Too soon.

Lord F. Good heavens ! I'm like an ancient Briton

Painted with woad ! Death ! Fury !

Parker. Oh, my lord,

It is the glass ; it is, upon my word.

It always makes one look like that.

(Bell rings, L.

Lord F. The bell !

Who's coming in ?

Parker. (Looking out window L.F.) As far as I can tell,
My lord, it is my mistress and Miss Yarker.

Lord F. Where can you hide me? Hide me, hide me, Parker.
 (*He rushes to window, R.C.*)

Parker. There's the big dog below—don't go along there.

Lord F. Oh! Up the chimney! Save me! Anywhere!

Parker. They're coming up the stairs.

Lord F. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

What shall I do? The only place is here. (*Creeps under the sofa.*)

Enter *Miss Broom* and *Miss Yarker*, U.E.L.

Parker. (*Aside to Miss Broom.*) Lord Fangle's in the room—he's hidden.

Miss B. Oh, but, pray,
Do tell me what?

Parker. What matter? You know what part to play.

(*Exit U.E.L.*)

Miss B. (R.C.) You were quite right: you could not take a fellow with such a skin: white, with a tinge of yellow.

Miss Y. (L.C.) And such a nincompoop! A lord he may be; But he's no less an idiotic gabby.

Lord F. (*Aside.*) They're paying me fine compliments, I'm thinking.

Miss Y. And p'rhaps his awful color comes from drinking.

Miss B. You hardly do him justice—he has parts;
Writes poetry and constitutes the arts.
And, after all, the man's beneath the skin.

Enter *PARKER*, U.E.L.

Parker. My lady, and Miss Fangle.

Miss B. Show them in.

(*Exit PARKER, U.E.L.*)

Re-enter *PARKER*, immediately, U.E.L., ushering in *LADY FANGLE* and *MISS FANGLE*, then stands by the sofa.

Lord F. (*Aside to PARKER, extending his head from under the sofa.*)

Parker. Parker!

Parker. Hush! hush!

Lord F. Parker, I say!

Don't bother!

Parker. Parker, I say!

Lord F. For goodness' sake, protect me from my mother!

(*PARKER moves away.*)

Miss B. Welcome, sweet Lady Fangle. And you, dear!

Lady F. (*Sneers.*) I hardly hoped to find Miss Yarker here.

Miss B. Quite accident.

Miss Y. (*Looks contemptuously.*) I did not seek the honor!

(*MISS YARKER moves away and sits on the sofa.* *LADY FANGLE* eyes her contemptuously through her eyeglassa.)

Enter BUTTONS, U.M.I., bringing in tea, &c., on tray, which he places on table, R.C.

Miss F. (Aside.) Oh, pray, mamma, don't be too hard upon her. She's rather nice, and we may win her still.

(BUTTONS remains waiting behind table, R.C.)

Lady F. I cannot speak to her: she makes me ill.

(MISS BLOOM sits R., LADY FANGLE L., of table.)

Miss F. Sugar and cream, Miss Yarker?

Miss Y. Thank ye, no!

(MISS FANGLE, after taking MISS YARKER's cup to her, sits by her on the sofa.)

Miss F. Oh, my dear friend, it has been such a blow to my poor brother.

Miss Y. Has it really?

Miss F. Yes, he can't get over his profound distress.

Miss Y. Indeed!

Miss B. (Aside to LADY FANGLE.) One can't account for tastes, you see.

Miss F. My son's is rather strange, it seems to me. Now, look at her!

Miss B. She's my friend; but, on my word, Not quite the girl to estimate my lord, With his fine genius. Well—I must confess it— She is a little—how shall I express it?

Lady F. Purse-proud and vulgar! (MISS YARKER sneezes violently.)

Miss B. Oh, my dear Miss Yarker, You feel the draught. Just move the sofa, Parker.

Lord F. Don't, Parker, don't! (He pinches her.)

Parker. (Screams.) Oh! I must, and for that I will!

Lord F. Please, don't! Think of my woes!

Parker. Nothing to do with me, so here goes!

Lord F. Just wait awhile—I'm going to sneeze.

(PARKER moves the sofa forward from window. LORD FANGLE scrambles with it as it moves, and tries to remain hidden. Is discovered at last.)

Lady F. Sure, there's a rat, or else a dog, Miss Bloom.

Miss F. Oh! oh! a robber's got into the room.

(BUTTONS seizes LORD FANGLE by the leg.)

Buttons. I've caught him! Out you rascal! Oh, my eye!

Awful! (Perceiving LORD FANGLE's face.)

Lord F. Off, Buttons!

Buttons. Well, you are a guy!

Lady F. You here, my son? And in this fearful case? What in the world has happened to your face?

Miss Y. (To Miss Fangle.) You told me true. He must be in the blues.

(To Lady Fangle.) My lady, this is not the tint I choose. His white was bad enough; but blue is worse. *(Flounces to door.* Chameleons put no finger in my purse. *(Exit U.E.L.*

Lord F. (o.) So she has gone! I care not—she has no heart! But, oh, Miss Bloom, I heard you take my part, When I was crumpled up there and likely to choke. I'm sure you meant the generous things you spoke.

Parker. (B., aside to Miss Bloom.) Ma'am, play your part: the color won't endure: I've got some stuff will work a perfect cure.

Miss B. (B.C.) Really? *Parker.* Yes, really: 'twas not my device To spoil his beauty: he'll soon look quite nice.

Miss B. My lord, I blame my friend—for my poor part: A change of color does not change the heart. Your heart is true, we know.

Lord F. Do you say so, Angel? You are not humbugging?

Miss B. Oh, no! *Lord F.* I am appreciated at last! I say, I love you, love you in a frantic way! Would you accept me with my azure skin? I only loved that harpy for her tin.

Miss B. Ah me!

Lord F. Without love tin's not worth possessing. *Miss B.* Support me, Lady Fangle.

Lady F. (L.C.) Take my blessing. *(PARKER comes forward, R.*

Parker. Thus I have served my mistress, and had fun. So our charade's first syllable is done.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Lady F. Beauty is but skin deep, they say; But is the saying true? For my son's heart is like his shin; You'll find it all true blue.

Chorus. Oh! green is forsaken, and yellow's forsworn, But blue's the best color that ever was worn!

Parker. His skin may change; his heart will keep Its color fast and true.

Lord F. For oh, my heart is like my skin— You'll find it all true blue.

Chorus.—Oh! green is forsaken, etc.

Lady F. My son is beauteous as the sky
 With its cerulean hue.
 Parker. Those rosy cheeks are all my eye :
 There's nothing like true blue.
 Chorus.—Oh ! green is forsaken, etc.

PARKER R.
 Miss Bloom. B.C.
 LORD F. a.
 LADY F. L.Q.
 Miss F. L.Q.
 Buttons. L.

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.—SECOND SYLLABLE.

SCENE I.—A Park in Wales. Front Groves.

Enter PARKER and DAPPER, walking together, from L., fashionably dressed.

Parker. Oh, Mr. Dapper, if I could believe you !
 Dapper. Miss Parker, do you think I could deceive you ?

No ! as the magnet's faithful to the pole,
 So to his Parker is true Dapper's soul.

Parker. That's poetry. How sweet !

Dapper. In rainy weather
 My lord and I talk poetry together.
 't's a grand thing—in these days of democracy—
 To be connected with the aristocracy.

Parker. So true ! I would not serve those snobs—not I—
 Who keep a list of everything they buy.
 Fine is a *real* lady, there's no doubt ;
 Wear what I will, she never finds it out.

Dapper. That hat, for instance ?

Parker. Certainly.

Dapper. Those loves
 If boots ?

Parker. Of course. As for these nice new gloves,
Just once I kindly let my lady wear 'em.

Dapper. As for the bongwawzees, I can't abear 'em;
My lord's the same. This tie becomes me nicely?

Parker. Charming! You chose it for my lord?

Dapper. Pre-cisely! You matched those turtles well; for, sure as my name's Walter,
It was yourself, my dear, as brought them to the halter.

Parker. What, with my wash? But, Mr. Dapper, pray,
How do you like this honeymooning way;
Stopping for weeks (one hardly sees a face)
At such a desolate, mountainous place?

Dapper. Miss Parker, but for love, and you—d'ye see?—
I'm certain I should die of ennouee.

Parker. How does my lord kill time?

Dapper. Oh, he's his fad
About them flints.

Parker. Flints? Is he going mad?
I hate your flints. After a well-paved street
I cannot tell you how they hurt my feet.

Dapper. Poor little feet! she's such a tender skin.

Parker. Yes, and my lady's boots are made so thin.

(Showing her feet)

What can his lordship want with flints?

Dapper. My dear,
You're ignorant. There was parties onde, I hear,
Poor naked chaps (we digs 'em up from barrows)
As knew no better than use flints for arrows.
My lord collects 'em. He's no low vulgarian,
But what the gentry calls a hantiquarian.

Parker. Good sakes! Your gentry are a useful lot,
But precious sillies, Dapper, are they not?

Dapper. My love their folly serves a useful end:
I know a trink or two. I've got a friend,
Jack Flint; but here he comes. Well, honest John!

Enter JACK FLINT, with a bag, from L.

Jack. Your servant, sir.

(Takes his hat off)

Dapper. Nay, keep your castor on.
Got a good stock?

Jack. Well, sir, a tidy lot.

Dapper. And made them all yourself?

Jack. Of course; why not?

Dapper. He won't twig, think you?

Jack. What, my lord? Not he!

Parker. Lawk! what a greenhorn must his lordship be!

Dapper. What will you ask?

Jack. Why, taking 'em all round,
I think my lord might stand for twenty pound.

Dapper. Good ! we go halves.

Jack. Yes, if you'll be so good
As keep his lordship in a virtuous mood.

Dapper. In my hands virtue's safe, man.

Jack. Flints for ever !

Dapper. This is an honest fellow, and a clever.

Parker. Oh, very honest. Now I see quite well
What flints were made for : they were made to sell.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Jack. My lord is a good fellow, there can be no doubt ;
My own manufactures lie never finds out !

Chorus. Yes, flints are for selling : yes, selling's the word ;
For in selling our flints we are selling my lord :
Selling my lord,
Selling my lord ;
In selling our flints we are selling my lord.

Parker. Oh, Jack ! you're a scoundrel ; indeed, 'tis a sin
To take such a pleasure in taking him in.

Chorus.—Yes, flints are for selling, etc.

Dapper. Be easy, my darling ; why make such a fuss ?
It pleases his lordship, and benefits us.

Chorus.—Yes, flints are for selling, etc.

(*Exit* DAPPER and PARKER, R.

Enter LORD and LADY FANGLE (Miss Bloom), from L.

Lord F. There's Jack ? Ho ! any specimens to-day ?

Jack. A most uncommon lot, as I may say :
Many a weary mile I've walked, my lord,
To find 'em ; but they're beauties, on my word.

Lord F. Well, take them to my lodgings ; ask for me next
And beer.

(*Exit* JACK, R.

Lady F. I think that fellow looks a cheat.

Lord F. No ; Dapper knows him well (that man's a treasure !)
And says that I may trust him without measure
But think, my love, of what you heard from Parker
To-day about Jack Hilton and Miss Yarker !

Lady F. Yes ! he's known how for golden fish to angle
Better than some ! Now, aren't you cautious, Fangle ?

Lord F. My angel, taunt me not with my inanity,
When I was a victim to that brief insanity.

No! golden cheeks and ruby locks for boobies!

Lady F. Still, there are charms, you know, in gold and rubies.
Rubies are nice, and pearls. I won't give hints;
But—money *might* be spent on other things than flints.
But I've more news: I'm told they're coming soon
To this same place to spend their honeymoon.

Lord F. Dear me! dear me! Can it be as you say?
I never seen her since that dreadful day!

Lady F. Dreadful?

Lord F. No, blissful—blissful without end!
The day I found one sympathetic friend!

Lady F. Don't be absurd. Look at those sunset tints!

Lord F. Come home, my love; I long to see my flints.

(*Exeunt R.*

SCENE II.—*A Breakfast-Room at HILTON's. French window, C.—exterior backing. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L.*

MISS YARKER (now MRS. HILTON) discovered seated at the breakfast table, C.

Mrs. H. (Seated R.C.) He need not think to keep me waiting so;
Breakfast was ready half an hour ago.
This is the last time, Jack, I give you warning,
You go out bathing early in the morning.
You cannot have your own way now, as soon you'll understand;
Though married, I took care to keep the purse-strings in my hand.

Enter JACK HILTON, from door S.E.L.

Hilton. Ah! charming! Breakfast ready! Thank you, pet!
My bath has given my appetite a whet.
Bless us! the things are cold!—that's not so well;
I'll have a fresh chop hot. (*Takes up the hand-bell.*)

Mrs. H. (Sternly.) Don't ring the bell!

Hilton. Why not?

Mrs. H. Be punctual, if you'd have things hot;
I can't allow you, Jack, to say, "Why not?"

Hilton. A pretty go! In my own house I'm told
I must submit to eat my breakfast cold!

Mrs. H. Your house! Pray, sir, perceive your true condition:
Who holds the purse commands the whole position.

Hilton. Well, well. (Sits down to breakfast, L.C. After a pause.)

Then you have breakfasted, dear wife?

Mrs. H. I would not eat cold chops to save my life.

(Aside.) I'll tame him.

Hilton. What d'you think I've heard, my dear?

(Rises from the table.)

Mrs. H. What?

Hilton. That the Fangles are in lodgings here.

Mrs. H. And which skin wears my lord? The white or blue?

Hilton. Nay, Dapper, whom I met, declares his hue
Has grown quite blooming.

Mrs. H. Some new paint, of course.

Hilton. I do not think so.

Mrs. H. Then it's worse and worse!

I wish I'd bagged him; for, upon my word,
You're very well, Jack; but you're not a lord.

Hilton. You're complimentary. But is not love
Better than rank?

Mrs. H. Oh, certainly, my dove!

Hilton. I'm told, too, that my lord to kill his days,
Has taken up an antiquarian craze;
Goes in for flints, spears, axes, heads of arrows,
And digs up mouldering Britons out of barrows.

Mrs. H. Then it's as well that I refused the flat,
For you're not quite so great a fool as that.

Hilton. Aye, flat, I fear, he is. I got a hint
Of a consummate rascal here called Flint;
Who baits his hooks with flints, and casts his angle
All summer for confounded fools like Fangle.

Mrs. H. If I were Lydia, I'd soon cure such twaddle;
I'd knock his flints about his ass' noddle.

Hilton. Your language verges on the strong, my chuck.

Mrs. H. You'll find my measures are the same, my duck.

Enter LORD and LADY FANGLE, S.E.L.

Hilton. Ha! Fangle! I'm delighted! What a queer
Coincidence that we should both be here!

My Lady Fangle, 'tis a real boon
To find us out and visit us so soon.

Lady F. I could not wait a moment for my life,
So much I longed to see your charming wife.

(To Mrs. HILTON.) Let me congratulate you.

(LADY and LORD FANGLE sit L.C. and L.)

Mrs. H. (Sternly.) How d'ye do?

Lady F. Here's your old friend; he often talks of you.

Mrs. H. Oh, does he?

Lady F. Fangle!

Mrs. H.

He looks sad and blighted.

Lady F. (To *LORD FANGIER*.) Don't stand like a stuck sheep!

Lord F.

Ah ! I'm delighted.

I'm sure.

Mrs. H. You hardly look so.

Lady F.

Why, the fact is,

My lord has lately got quite out of practice
For conversation. He spends all wit on
Investigation of the ancient Briton.

Mrs. H. I'm glad his little wit is so well-spent.

Lady F. It keeps him happy, so I'm quite content.

Hilton. Yes, I've heard; Fangier, you are all for stones,
Spear-heads and things, and graves, and dead men's bones.

Mrs. H. Poor man ! he's done for !

Hilton. I'll be bound you've got
Some treasures there.

Lord F. Oh, Hilton, have I not ?
You'd like to see them ?

Lady F. They're so nice ! Do look ! *Opens his bag*

Mrs. H. Rubbish !

Lady F. He will explain things like a book.

Lord F. Now this I call the gem of all the lot :
Bondicea's axe !

Lady F. Sweet ! is it not ?

Lord F. You see these streaks of red ; they are the stains
Left when it dashed out some old Roman's brains.

Hilton. Thrilling !

Mrs. H. Be silent, Jack ! I think, my lord-----

Hilton. But, dearest-----

Mrs. H. Did you hear me ? Not a word !
I say, my lord, that, granting this were true,
What is the earthly use to me or you
To dig such ugly things up, and parade them ?
Because some horrid savages once made them ?
You say they've long been buried—hence their worth
Such trash is far best buried in the earth.

Lady F. (Aside.) That's sense, although her rudeness makes me
frantic.

(Aloud.) Dear friend, have you no sense of the romantic ?

Mrs. H. Romantic fiddlestick ! Depend upon it,
That thing is no more ancient than your bonnet !

Lord F. Not ancient ? Mercy ! Am I not believed ?

As if a practiced eye could be deceived !

I got it from the local antiquarian—

'Twas found among the bones of a barbarian :

And Dapper too—a virtuoso quite—

Has not the slightest doubt that all is right.

Hilton. (*Looking out of the window, w.*) Is that the antiquary in the garden?

Mrs. H. (*Aside.*) I did not bid you speak.

Hilton. (*Aside.*) I beg your pardon.

Lord F. Oh, yes, with Dapper.

Lady F. And, of course, my maid:

She'll leave me soon for Dapper, I'm afraid.

Mrs. H. Disgusting! Irritating those above her!

I don't permit my maid to have a lover.

Lady F. Then it's most likely she at least has taste.

Lord F. Ha, ha! *Pop* sure I should if I were she.

Call them all up. (*HILTON looks inquiringly at his wife. She makes permission. He goes out, a.m.l.*) Now, *allow* my proof is trim: Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she for him.

Enter HILTON, a.m.l., followed by DAPPER, PARKER, and JACK FLINT.

Mrs. H. LADY F. HILTON. LORD F. PARKER. DAPPER. JACK FLINT.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Lord F. Now, sir, you'll say where you procur'd
This interesting flint;

And Dapper, you, I'm well assur'd
Will vouch for Mr. Flint.

Dapper. And Parker here will vouch for me,
Whose tongue is like a clapper.

Jack. Yes, you for me. And I for thee;
I always vouch for Dapper.

Chorus. Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she
Will vouch for Mr. Dapper.

Jack. I found it on the mountains lone,
Among the mouldering dead, sir;
If truth I am not telling, you
May knock me on the head, sir.

Lord F. The thing is proved; it must be true:
'Twas found among the dead, sir.

Hilton. It is not true, I say, so you
May knock him on the head, sir.

Chorus. If it's not true, he say's that you
May knock him on the head, sir.

Lord F. You vouch for him.
Dapper. And she for me;

Jack. Her tongue is like a clapper.
Lord F. And I for her.

Lord F. And I for all :
For Parker, Flint, and Dapper.
Who can resist the witness true
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper ?

Hilton. I can resist the witness true
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper.

Chorus. The wit—wit—wit—wit—witness true
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper.

Lord F. You all must yield to this convincing proof.

Mrs. H. Not I, indeed !

Hilton. (To *Mrs. Hilton.*) I must not stand aloof
To see poor Fangle swindled in this fashion.

Mrs. H. Jack, silence !

Hilton. Wife, you put me a passion !
I will !

Mrs. H. Take care how you provoke your wife !

Hilton. If I yield now, she'll muzzle me for life.
Dear Fangle, don't be angry, I entreat :
I know this fellow for a practiced cheat.

Jack. The sland'rous world ! I'm known as Honest Jack, sir.

Hilton. Wait till I put the bobbies on your track, sir.

Dapper. (Aside to *FLINT.*) You'd better hook it. This here gent's
a Tartar.

Jack. My lord and ladies, I'm a injur'd martyr.

Mrs. H. You rogue, you villain, off ! Dye hear, I say ?

And take your injur'd martyr's face away !

(Exit *JACK FLINT*, precipitately, door R.E.L.

And trash shall follow trash.

(Takes bag of flints from table and throws them after him.

Lord F. Hold, hold !

Mrs. H. You muff,
My room shall not be litter'd with such stuff !

Lord F. I'm in despair ! My flints !

Lady F. (Crosses to him.) Oh, never mind it !
A flint is but a flint, where'er you find it.
I'll get you plenty quite as good as those.

Lord F. (L.O.) You cannot ! Misery !

Lady F. (R.C., to PARKER.) Parker, I suppose,
 That you some explanation can afford
 Of this apparent trick upon my lord.

Parker. (Hesitatingly.) My lady, I'll—explain things—if I can—
 This Mr. Dapper's such a *jokey* man.

(Aside.) Dapper, speak you!

Dapper. My lady, do you see?
 Miss Parker's such a party for a spree.

Parker. (Aside.) Mean man! You'll not blame me! Indeed
 you shonidn't!

Dapper. (Aside.) No, dear! You look so charming, that I
 couldn't.
 I'll be a hero *(Aloud.)* In these parts, my lady,

(Crosses over to L.C.)

The sources of excitement are but shady.
 In flints and skulls my lord finds recreation;
 Such the pursuits as suits his lofty station.
 'Twas my excitement (sure, a harmless spree!)
 To help my lord to banish eunywee.
 I trust your ladyship's sublime conception
 Approves this slight benevolent deception?

Lady F. You are pardoned.

Lord F. Oh, but. Dapper, I am sure
 That flint was genuine!

Lady F. Nay, he's past all cure.
Mrs. H. This is a stupid hole. I mean to go

To-morrow.

Lady F. So do we, I think.

Hilton. If so,
 Perhaps, my dear, our friends will be content
 To come to see us at our house in Kent.

Mrs. H. Our house! *(Aside to Hilton.)* Oh, Jack, you'll rue
 before you've done!

You'll catch it! But their visit may be fun.

I'll do the civil. *(Aloud to Lord and Lady Fangle.)* In my coun-
 try home

I shall be glad to see you.

Lord and Lady F. Thanks, we'll come.

Dapper. (Coming forward.) There we shall meet; and hope that,
 after our removal.

The whole of our Charade may meet with your approval.

LADY F. LORD F.

HILTON.

C.

DAPPER.

MRS. H.

R.C.

L.C.

PARKER.

R.

END OF ACT II.

L.

ACT III.—WHOLE.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall at Mrs. Hilton's Place in Kent.* Front grooves. Table, with table cloth on it, and three chairs, R.C.

DAPPER and JACK FLINT—*the latter dressed as a Butler, with false hair, whiskers, etc.*—discovered seated at table, R.C.

Dapper. (R.C.) Yes, Mr. Jones, (such being your name at present,) It's a surprise remarkable and pleasant To meet you in our social spear. Don't try Again to dodge from Dapper's piercing eye.

Jack. (L.C.) Well, you have twigg'd me ; but the gents upstairs Are babes.

Dapper. I won't pry into your affairs ; But could you tell me how it came about ?

Jack. Why, Hilton—he's my master now, no doubt— Having in Wales, you know, behaved quite odious, The place became no longer quite commodious. After new spheres of usefulness I painted ; So, seeing in the paper, "Butler wanted," I came, I saw, I conquered, just like Cæsar : There may be scope for genius here, you see, sir.

Dapper. No roguery, Mr. Jones, or I'll tell tales !

Jack. But, sir, you weren't so very strict in Wales.

Dapper. Why, youth must have its frolics when it can, sir ; But I'm about to be a married man, sir !

Jack. The mistress is a regular skinflint, sir.

Dapper. Some wholesome treatment may be good for her ; But not too far. Miss Parker, sir, and me Are virtue's paragons. Ah ! here she be.

Enter PARKER, R. Men rise as she enters.

Dapper. My dear, our friend here (Mr. Jones, you know) Desires henceforth in virtue's paths to go ; But he is dark : don't view quite as we view 'em The nice distinctions between meum and tuum. Take him in hand. Sir, you may build upon her For sound distinction in our code of honor.

Jack. Miss, I'm all ears. Sure such a handsome cratur Won't be too hard upon poor human natur !

Parker. Well, never steal or cheat—remember this.

Jack. But to all rules there's some exceptions, miss ?

Parker. Of course.

Jack. For instance—stealing clothes ain't right ;
But wearing 'em, I guess, is diff'rent quite.

Parker. That only moulds them into shape, and airs them.

Dapper. They fit my lady better when *she* wears 'em.

(*Points to PARKER.*)

Jack. Then, say, my lady has things she won't miss ;
More than's good for her ?

Parker. In a case like this
One may appropriate what suits one's taste.

Jack. And save her from the guilt of wilful waste,
Now, as for money ?

Parker. Never think of taking it !

Jack. Yet surely there's some virtuous ways of making it.

Dapper. Yes ; take a case. My lord hands me, perhaps,
Five bob to give to some poor worthless chaps ;
They'd only drink it—so I gives 'em one.

Jack. Most wisely, sir, and charitably done !
For, if my lord wants wisdom, the right course is
To save him from misusing his resources.
To eatables and drinkables, I guess
The eighth commandment don't apply ?

Parker. Oh yes !

To steal and sell your master's goods is cheating.

Dapper. But not, of course, to eat what's made for eating.

Jack. And let your friends partake ?

Dapper. Why, they must dine.

Jack. How about drinkables ? That's more my line.

Parker. You must not rob the cellar : never think it.

Dapper. But wine, once tapp'd, belongs to those that drink it.

Jack. Your code is not amiss. It gives the mind

Y genius scope, though rather too refined.

But in this house here, she is such an awful

Skinfint—the mistress—anything is lawful.

Parker. I'm half inclined to think so, for my part ;
Pity Mr. Hilton from my heart.

Jack. Our supper's coming. Doubtless, recollecting
The j'ints we served the gents with, you're expecting
Some appetizing bits ?

Dapper. Indeed I do, man.

Jack. How vain, alas ! are aspirations human !

*Enter COOK, L., carrying a tray with plates, on which are small pieces of
cold meat and bread—followed by other Servants. BUTTONS carries a
small jug, which he puts fiercely on the table.*

Cook. Serve out the rations, John.

Jack. (Rising from head of table, o.) Ladies and gents—
You that's our guests—I see there's discontents
Upon your faces ; this is no great feast ;

But cook and me can't help it in the least.
 For missus is such a penurious party,
 Though rich!—my eye!—and as to 'ealth quite hearty;
 That—why, she thinks our greedy mouths wants muzzling;
 Under her rule there's little chance of guzzling.
 She weighs our rations out; so much for each,
 And locks all other wittles out of reach.

(*Sits down.*)

Omnés. (Together.) Shameful! Disgraceful! Horrid mean!
 (Noise—*Bell rings loudly*, L.)

Jack. (Savagely crosses to L.) Oh, ho!
 They want more claret. It will prove no go.

(*Exit L.*)

Dapper. (R.C., to *PARKER*, R.) This is a dolorus situation, miss!
 Think of poor Hilton having come to this!

Cook. (Weeping, a.) Ladies and gents, it's not my fault at all!

Parker. I vote we call this mansion "Skinflint Hall."

Cook. And well you may, miss! Though I say't—as which
 That shouldn't—but ladies should behave as such.

Dapper. Hear! hear!

Cook. We're tret as if we was barbarians;
 We might as well be Turks or Bulgararians!
 No parquisites—not even dripping!—nuffin!
 Think of dry bread to tea instead of muffin!

Dapper. Hear, hear, again!

Cook. I says to Mr. Jones,
 Says I, she's wearing me to skin and bones.

Re-enter *JACK FLINT*, with a jug of claret. L.

Omnés. Ah, ah!

Jack. Well—such a scene! The master says, says he,
 "More claret!"—with an anxious look at me.
 "There's none," I whispers, "I'll bring coffee in."
 "Do so," says he. Oh, how the gents did grin!
 The missus did leave one more bottle out;
 But meant for our poor perquisite, no doubt.

(*Puts the jug on the table and sits down.*)

(To *DAPPER*.) I look towards you.

Dapper. Sir, I has your eye.

Jack. Genuine Lafitt! Miss Parker, don't be shy.

(*They drink the claret—Bell rings violently.*)

For coffee! They can wait a little longer.

Let's have a song to stay the pangs of hunger.

(Song—"Here's to the Maiden of Bushful Fifteen."—J. L.

HATTON. *Bell rings again very violently.*

Jack. Well, I must take the coffee—(Crosses to L.)—what a bore!
 Come along, Buttons! Ladies, an revwor!

(*Exits L., bowing to female servants, who cursey to him and
 exount R.—DAPPER attentive to PARKER—A servant, COOK, and
 BUTTONS take table and chairs off.*)

SCENE II.—A Centre Door Chamber at back. *Doors S.E.E. and S.E.E.*

HILTON discovered walking about distractedly.

SONG.

Once I lov'd a maiden fair,
 But she prov'd a Tartar :
 She with Plutus might compare :
 Now I'm made a martyr.
 Gold she seem'd,
 And I deem'd
 Her of maids the sweetest :
 Now I say,
 Well-a-day !
 Brightest hopes are fleetest.

I the wedding-license got ;
 She the feast provided.
 Now I'm going fast to pot,
 By my friends derided.
 I did think
 'To get the chink,
 When her vows she plighted.
 She keeps hold
 Of all the gold,
 And my hopes are blighted.

Enter Mrs. HILTON, a. door.

Hilton. (a.c.) Nay but, my love !

Mrs. H. (a.c.) Nay what, my dove ?

Hilton. Upon my word, I think
 you might have let us have last night a little more to drink.

We wanted claret—brandy—soda—none was to be had.

'o shame us so before old Fangle really was too bad !

Mrs. H. Is that all, Mr. Hilton ? (Laughs.) P'rhaps you've
 more complaints to make.

Let's have the whole lot out at once, for precious goodness' sake.

Hilton. Yes : no fire in the smoking-room—and but one candle
 end—

Burnt out at once—smoked in the dark—nice way to treat a friend !
 roping upstairs, poor Fangle cracked his nose against the wall :
 nd such complaints (I'm told by Jones) made in the servants' hall !

They call you "Skinflint," curse the place—the maids grow quite uproarious.

For stinginess, if this goes on, our house will be notorious.

Our wealth is known: can it be right to stint things in this fashion?

Mrs. H. If you say "Our wealth," Mr. H., you'll put me in a passion!

For a penniless adventurer to talk so is quite comical.

And mind, if I am wealthy, I am strictly economical.

Hilton. But, for love's sake, my precious wife!

Mrs. H. Ha, ha! Don't try, sir, to be funny. You know as well as I do that you married me for money.

(*Steps and voices heard outside at back*)
They're walking in the corridor: I'll listen what they say.

Hilton. Nay, wife, don't listen: it's so mean.

Mrs. H. You hold your tongue, I pray.

(*She listens at door s.e.l. He walks about distractedly, &c.*)

Hilton. Dear, dear! she's getting worse and worse! Unmanageable dame!

I only hope she'll hear some things to make her blush for shame!

Dowager Lady F. (Within, s.e.l.) Constance, I say she is the most intolerable screw!

If Hilton can endure such ways, it's more than I can do.

Miss F. But she has her good points, mamma. I used to like her rather.

Dowag. L. F. Love, she's a flint to the backbone—worse than her stingy father.

Hilton. Did you hear that?

Mrs. H. I did. And do you think I care a pin

What tantrum that proud haridan, old Mother Fangle's in?

I know she had the shivers, and desired a fire last night

In her own room—such wasteful ways would ruin me outright!

She wanted coffee, too—just think!—before she came downstairs.

I'll humble her. What right has she to give herself such airs?

Lord F. (Within, s.e.l.) Indeed, I pity Hilton. How his venture has miscarried!

With such a skinflint of a wife he'll curse the day he married.

Lady F. How can he be so hen-pecked?

Lord F. It's not generally known

But he has not a single son that he can call his own.

Whate'er he had is all hers now—she got it so arranged

In settlements—I know not how.

Lady F. No wonder he's so changed.

Why, when she puts her fierce look on, he hardly dares to speak.

Lord F. 'Tis said she gives him pocket-money—half-a-crown a week.

Hilton. Did you hear that?

Mrs. H. I did, and don't care that—(Snaps her fingers)—but pray

Keep quiet, Jack. I want to hear what more these creatures say.

Dowag. L. F. (Willin.) Well met, my son, and Lydia, too! Here I'll no longer stay.

Lord F. Nor I. My horses only get one feed of corn a day.

Lady F. I'm starved to death—no fire—no light!

Dowag. L. F. Any such a mean menu!

Lady F. Dry bread for breakfast!

Dowag. L. F. Cheese for lunch!

Lord F. She is an awful screw.

Lady F. The only plan's to leave the house.

Dowag. L. F. Yes, yes, let Parker pack Our things at once.

Lord F. And dash my wig if ever I come back!

Hilton. Did you hear that?

Mrs. H. Yes, I heard that! What now, you precious ninny?

D'yon think I care?

Hilton. But, please, do care. Think of the ignominy.

I'll run away! I'll cut my throat!

Mrs. H. Do: it's the same to me.

Hilton. I'll drink myself to death.

Mrs. H. You can't: I keep the cellar key.

Upstart of Servants heard within, s.m.m. Sounds of singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," etc.

Mrs. H. What mean's that noise? (She crosses to R.) The servants! They are going mad, I think.

Run, Jack, and see directly. (Exit HILTON, s.m.m.) Why, they must have had some drink.

But where can they have got it? Can they have broken into the cellar?

Re-enter HILTON, s.m.m., dragging in JACK FLINT.

Hilton. I've got him.

Mrs. H. What means this, you rogue!

Jack. (Sings.) "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Enter COOK, BUTTONS, DAPPER, and other Servants, tumultuously, s.m.m. They sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," etc.

Mrs. H. They must be tipsy all of them. Cook, what means all this bother?

Cook. Why, ma'am, you keeps the cellar key; but Jones he keeps another.

Crush'd worms will turn at last, you know, so we resolved this morning

To have one spree before we left: and now we give you warning.

Omnes. (Sing.)—

Now what d'ye think? We've tapp'd your drink! we're good companions a-all!
We've had our spree! and now say we, farewell to Skinflint Ha-all!

(*Music: "There's no Luck About the House."* They range themselves, defiantly, on the R. Mrs. HILTON eyes them furiously, R.C. HILTON stands aghast, L.C.

Mrs. H. In my own house!

Hilton. We're robb'd!

Mrs. H. Defied! Was ever case to match it?
You little dirty rogue, but you, at any rate, shall catch it!

Buttons. Oh, please, m'm, please—it wasn't me—it all was Mr. Jones, sir!

Hilton. Nay, spare the boy—he's not to blame.

Mrs. H. I'll break his little bones, sir.

While this is going on, *Enter the FANGLES*, dressed for traveling, R.E.L., followed by *PARKER*, carrying bag, shawls, etc. They come down L.

Hilton. What, friends! prepared to start at once? You surely will not leave us

Abruptly thus!

Lord F. Indeed, dear Jack, however it may grieve us, We feel we're only in the way—your house in such a mess is!

Dowag. L. F. A mutiny, Mrs. Hilton!

Miss F. How I feel for your distresses!

Dowag. L. F. You see, you've spoilt your servants by your foolish liberality.

Lady F. Farewell, dear friend, and thank you for your princely hospitality.

Hilton. Do, wife, say something civil. Oh, my friends, I am so sorry—

Cook. Our wages, madam, if you please. To go we're in a hurry.

(*The Servants all hold out their hands together.*)

Mrs. H. Wages, you robbing rascals you! Why, what a set of geese!

Cook. Yes, a year's wages, due last May—twelve month's a piece!

Mrs. H. What impudence! Jack, Jack, run for the police!

Hilton. Oh, yes, I'll go; but, wife—

Mrs. H. Be off! Run till you're out of breath.

(*Exit HILTON, c.*)

Cook. (R.) We'll sue you for our wages, then.

Buttons. And for starving us to death.

Lord F. (L.) We'd better leave this painful scene.

Lady F. Yes, Dapper, bring the carriage.

Dowag. L. F. We'll interrupt the bliss no more of this most happy marriage.

Re-enter HILTON, C., with an opened letter.

Hilton. (a.) Good friends—and wife—I've just received some news that will surprise you.

Mrs. H. (a.c.) Give me that letter, Jack!

Hilton. I won't!

Mrs. H. You won't? Sir, I'll advise you—

Hilton. Hold, Mrs. Hilton, hold your hand. I tell you you had better—

You'll find the tables turned, I think, when you have heard this letter. My lawyer writes to tell me that our settlements of marriage contained a flaw—are void in fact: hence a complete miscarriage of all your plan for ruling things.

Mrs. H. How so? I fain would learn.

Hilton. Why, as your husband, I, my dear, possess the whole concern!

Mrs. H. I don't believe it! (Snatches the letter.) Can it be? Oh, misery and despair!

(Throws herself on a sofa, and weeps violently.)

Miss F. (Approaching her.) Dear Mrs. Hilton, he's so nice, I'm sure you need not care.

(She still weeps violently. Miss FANGLE tries to comfort her.)

Jack. Sir, Mr. Hilton, having turned a card up such as this is—

Cook. We can put up with master—it was all along of missis.

Jack. In fact, we'll stay, sir; for we know our wages will be paid, and trust you will look over this our little escapade.

Cook. You see, we was drove to it, sir: the missis was so street.

Hilton. Speak of your mistress, if you please, with suitable respect. Well, I forgive you—all but one.

Jack. And who may that one be, sir?

Buttons, I guess. (Seizes Buttons.)

Hilton. No—one Jack Flint! You thought I did not see, sir, through your disguise: I've twigged you long. Out of the house, and pack,

or you may find once more, you rogue, the bobbies on your track.

Buttons. It's Buttons, is it, Mr. Jones! Oh, what a jolly sell!

Ho! ho! Oh, ho!

Jack. You little brute! (Trying to hit him in vain.)

Buttons. Oh, don't he look a swell!

Jack. Jerr'd at by boys, maligned by men—a martyr'd wretch, I go

but you will not forsake me, cook?

Cook. Oh, Mr. Jones—no! no!

(Falls on his neck and blubbers,

to think that it should come to this!

Jack. Though fortune's blows be rude,
Love and our consciences worth defy base man's ingratitude.

Hilton. Off with you both!

Jack. Let's make, my dear, a dignified retreat
(*Exeunt JACK FLINT and COOK, a.k.a.*

Douglas L. R. A worthy bride indeed, I think, for such an artful cheat.

Hilton. (*Going up to Miss Hinton.*) Surely, dear wife, these changes of things need breed no altercation :
Let us forget the past, and start on an improv'd relation.

Mrs. H. Oh, Jack, I've had a lesson! I confess I've been to blame,
And this strange scene before our friends has covered me with shame.
Take all I have, and welcome now! My meanness and my folly
Forgive, dear Jack.

Hilton. All right, my girl.

Lord R. Now all's made up and jolly.

Miss F. Oh! this is so delightful!

Lady F. You'll be happier now, my friend.

Douglas L. R. You've been a precious fool, my dear ; but it's not too late to mend.

Douglas. My lady, if it be allowed for persons in our station
To taste our share of bliss upon this happy consummation,
Miss Parker here—your ladyship will give her leave, I trust—

Lady F. To marry?—so I thought. (*To PARKER.*) What say you?

Parker. I suppose I must.

Hilton. (*To Miss Hinton.*) Then, love, perhaps you won't object
to have the wedding here.

And ask our friends to stay awhile.

Mrs. H. You, certainly, my dear.
Pray do, good friends, we'll make amends for all that's been missed.

Alt. Oh yes, we'll stay.

Douglas. Hurrah! hurrah! A happy day is this.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Chorus.

Begone, dull care!

I pr'ythee begone from me.

Begone, dull care!

Thou and I shall never agree.

Long time thou hast been tarrying here,

And fair thou wou'dst me kill;

But i'faith, dull care,

'Thou never shalt have thy will.

Hilton.

Wife, my hair.

Was nearly turned grey by you.

Lord F. And wife, dull care
Once turned me decidedly blue.

Chorus. But now your wash has restored his skin;

(All point to PARSON.
And his flints have had their day ; (All point to LORD F.
And he has the tin, (all point to HILTON) via the wisest
thing
To drive dull care away.

Lord F. So now, kind friends,
Who kindly have heard our play,
Our charade thus ends,
So guess it as well you may.

Chorus. Though all the year may you laugh and sing,
As we have done to-day ;
And find it ever the wisest thing,
To drive dull care away !

Disposition of Characters.

Mrs. H. *ELTON.*

ALL THE SERVANTS.

ALL THE VICTIMS.

CONTINUATION.

J=168.
FANGLE.

SONG—"Oh, for the Bloom!"

Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in

DAPPER.

June! My lord, this lo - tion will dia - close The

FANGLE.

wished for ro - ses soon. I faint, I die, the

DAPPER.

HILTON.

wash to try, sup - plied by Mis - tress Par - ker. Haste

ALL.

haste to win with rose - ate skin, The golden charms of Yarker.

SONG AND CHO.—“Beauty's but Skin Deep.”

J=176.

LADY FANGLE.

Beau-ty's but skin deep, they say, but is the say - ing

true? For my son's heart is like his skin, You'll

find it all true blue; For my son's heart is

rall. ad lib.

CHORUS.

like his skin, You'll find it all true blue. Oh,

rall. colla voce.

green is for - sa - ken, and yel - low's for -

sworn; But blue's the best col - - or that

rall.

FINE. PARKER.

ev - - er was worn. 2. His

FINE.

Parker. Miss Bloom. Lord Fangle. Lady Fangle. Miss Fangle. Buttons.

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ACT DROP.

SONG AND CHO.—"My Lord is a Greenhorn."

3=84.

FLINT.

My lord is a greenhorn, there can be no doubt; My

1ST & 2D TREBLE.
CHORUS.

own man - u - fac - ture he nev - er finds out! Yes,

flints are for sell - ing: yes, sell - ing's the word; For in

f

sell - ing our flints, we are sell - ing my lord: selling my lord.

Selling my lord; In sell-ing our flints, we are sell-ing my lord.

SONG AND CHO.—"Now, Sir, You'll Say."

J= 176.
FANGLE.

Air: "The Lass of Richmond Hill," adapted.

Now, sir, you'll say where you procured this in - te - rest - ing

flint; And Dap- per, you, I'm well as-sured will vouch for Mister

DAPPER.

Flint. And Park-er here will vouch for me, Whose tongue is like a



FLINT.

PARKER.

clapper, Yes, you ask for me, And I for thee, I always vouch for Dapper.



CHORUS.

Yea, Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she will vouch for Mister Dapper.



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